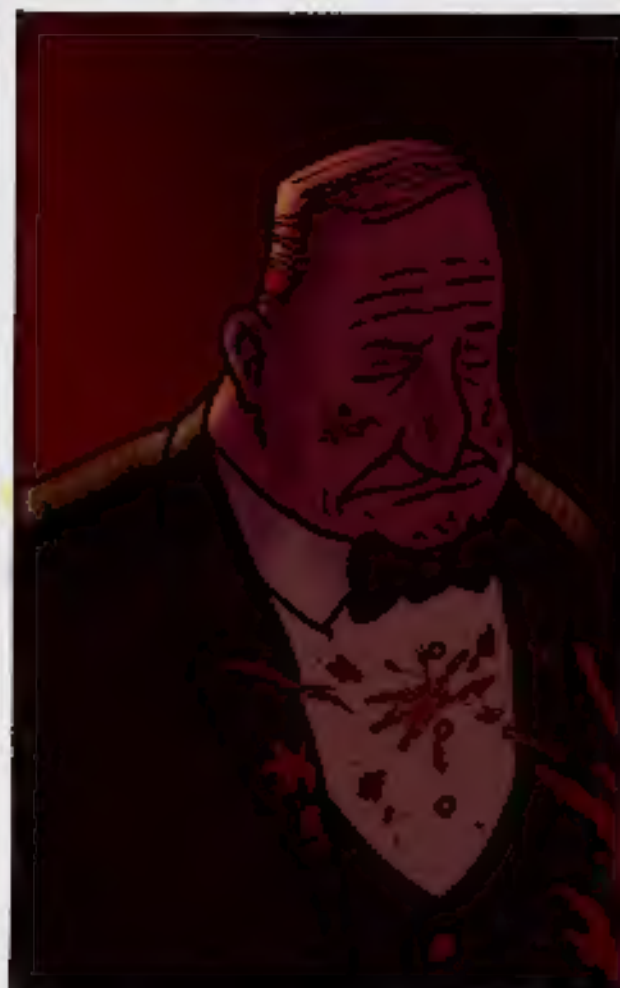
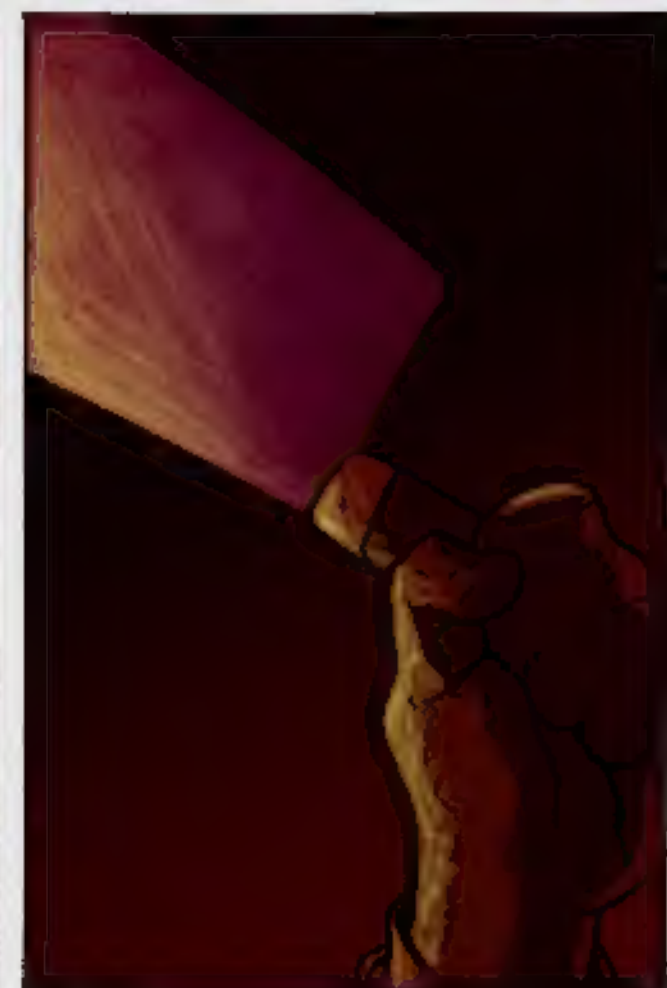
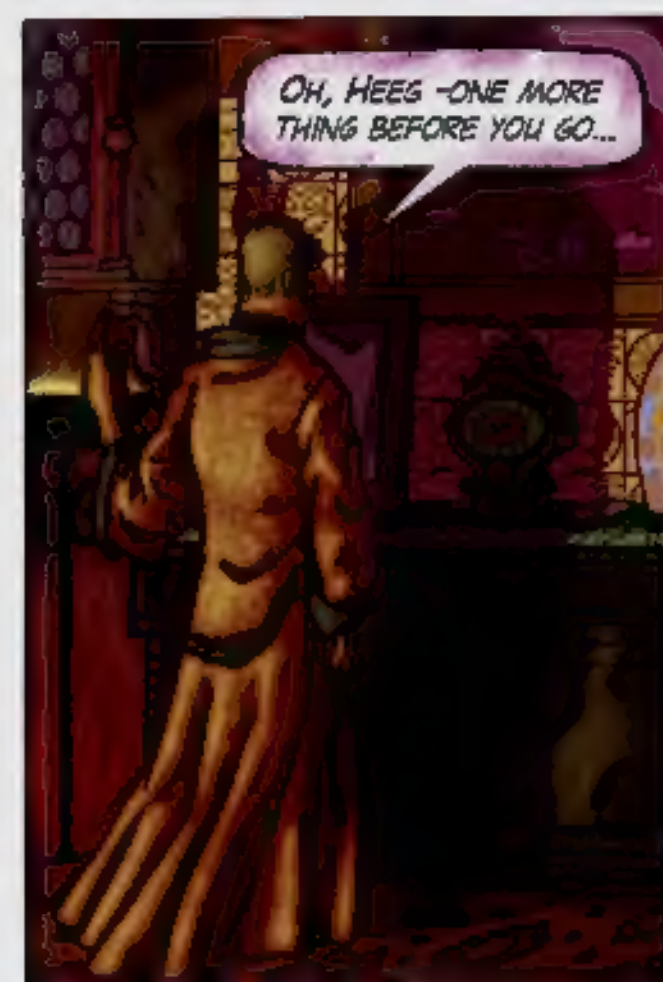
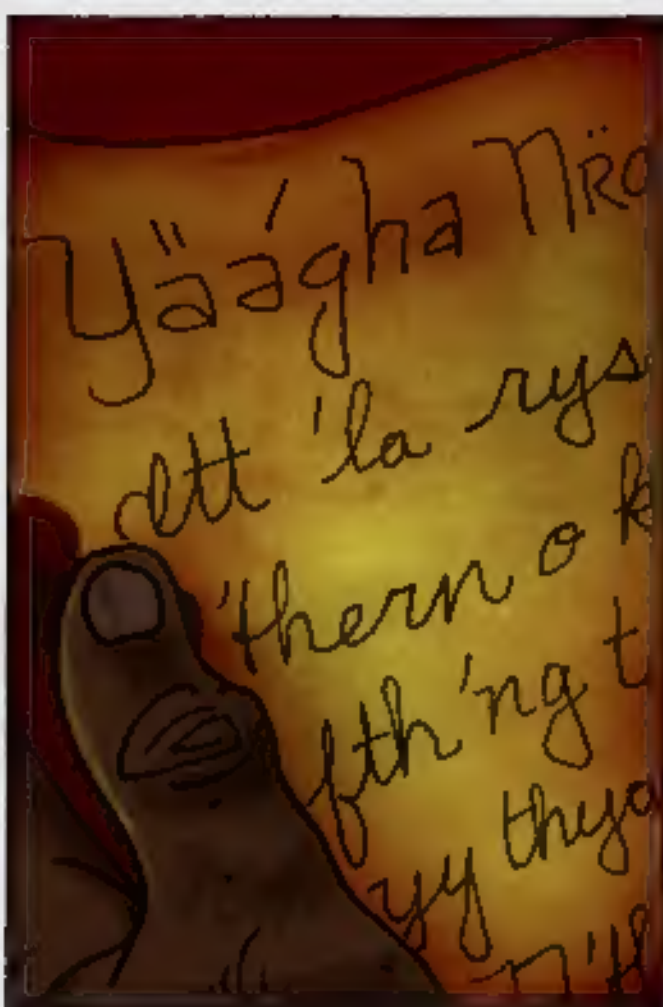


Lovecraft
is Missing

2. The Obscure World



SEE THAT IT IS
DELIVERED AT ONCE.

AS YOU WISH, SIR.

THAT SHOULD

SUFFICE

FOR THE PRESENT.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

HOPE HOWARD'S HOME. HE ISN'T
EXPECTING ME UNTIL TOMORROW.

I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR SAVING
ME A THE PRICE OF A BUS TICKET.

NO NO NO, IT IS I WHO
APPRECIATE YOU, FELLOW SCRIBE.

THREE DAYS DISCUSSING OUR
CRAFT HAS BEEN AN
EXPERIENCE BEYOND PRICE..

NOT TO MENTION THE OPPORTUNITY TO VENT MY SPLEEN
AGAINST OUR ANVIL-HEADED FRIEND, MR. WRIGHT.

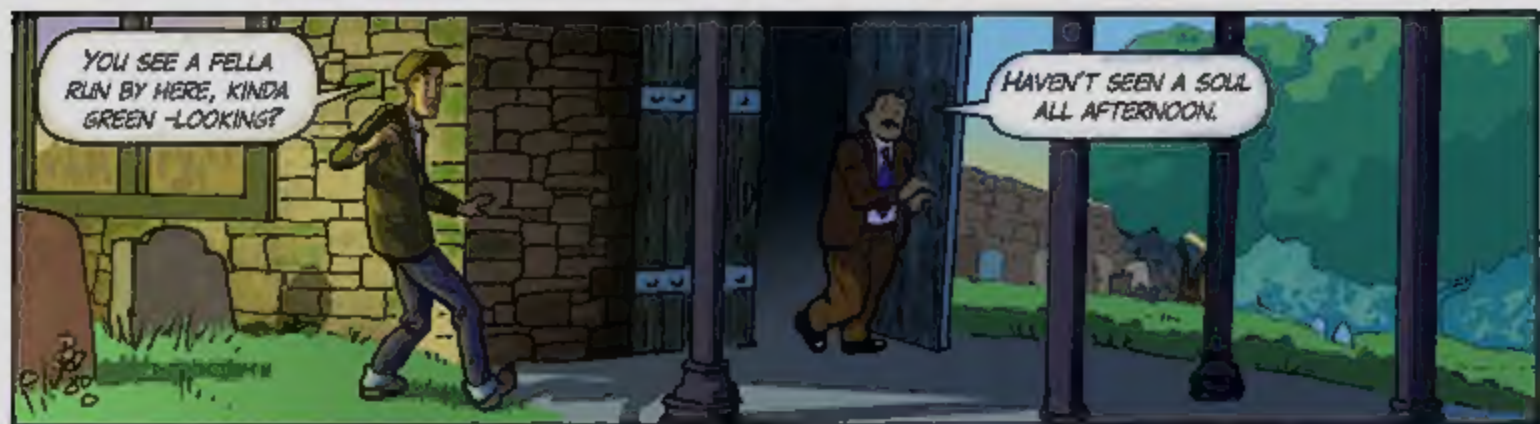
THAT'S THE POT CALLIN' THE KETTLE BLACK.
WRIGHT'LL BUY THE STORY IF YOU JUST CUT IT DOWN.

AH, BUT THE BLESSING AND CURSE OF
WEALTH IS THAT IT ALLOWS ONE TO
REMAIN TRUE TO ONE'S VISION--

--TO THE DETRIMENT
OF ONE'S CAREER.











THE PICTURES ARE THE ONLY RECORD. NO ONE'S EVER FOUND THE ACTUAL LOCATION SINCE.



WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT?

THAT'S THE FIRST QUESTION I INTEND TO ASK HIM.



UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T WASTE THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON WAITING FOR HIM TO LIV-VANISH.



I WILL BE BACK. HERE'S MY CARD----

WAIT! HERE, IN HIS APPOINTMENT BOOK. HE'S TO MEET A MR. THOMAS MALONE AT 6:30 THIS EVENING.



HOWARD WOULD NEVER BE SO RUDE AS TO MISS AN APPOINTMENT.

I HAVE A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT OR I'D--



I'LL GO, JUST DRAW ME A MAP. THERE'S SOMETHIN' NOT RIGHT ABOUT THIS AND THE SOONER WE FIND HOWARD, THE SOONER WE CAN CLEAR IT ALL UP.



CHEYNE WALK. THAT'S A ROUGH PART OF TOWN, NEAR THE WHARF.

I'LL HEAD OUT SOON AS I FIND ME A PLACE TO BUNK.



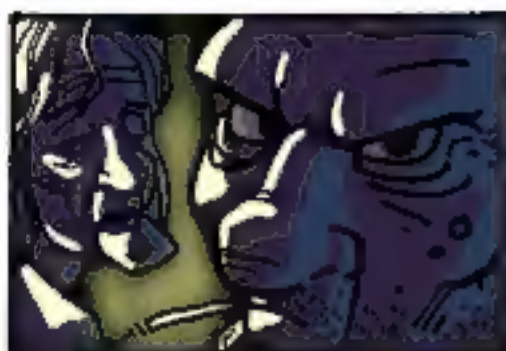
I CAN ARRANGE A FEW DAYS IN STUDENT HOUSING IF THAT WILL SUIT YOU. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO.

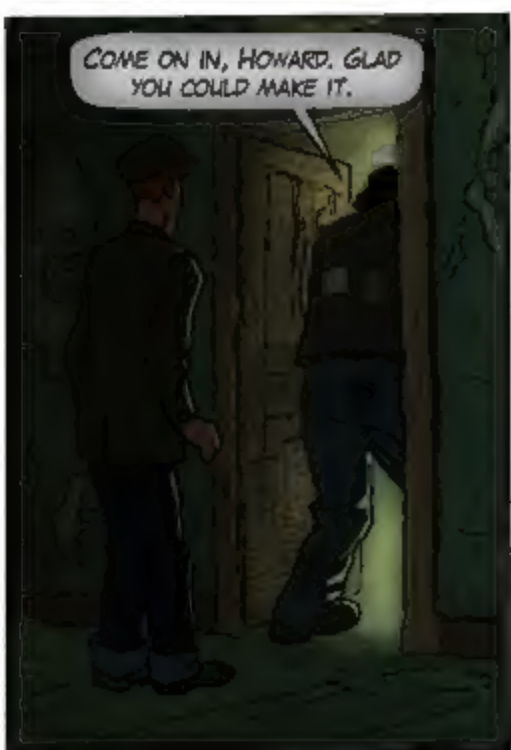
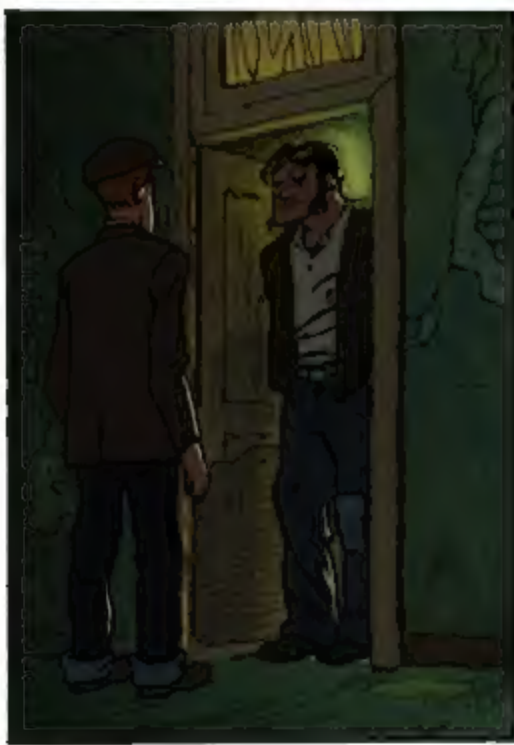
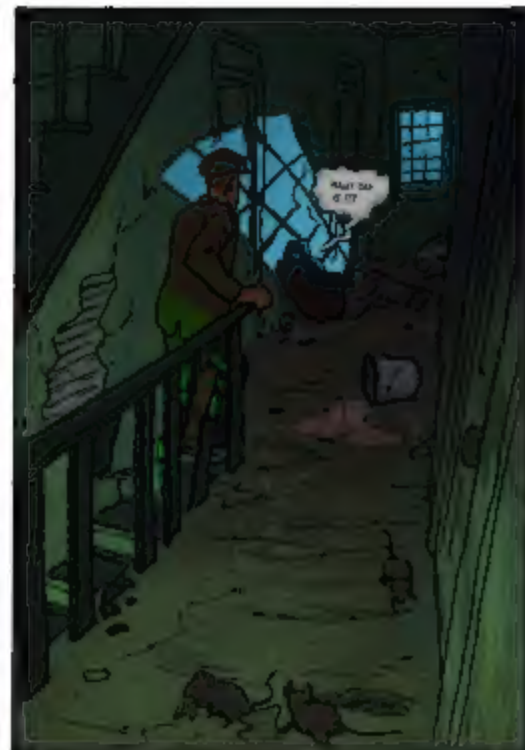
A ROOF AND A FLOOR IS ALL I NEED. ANYTHING ELSE IS GRAVY.

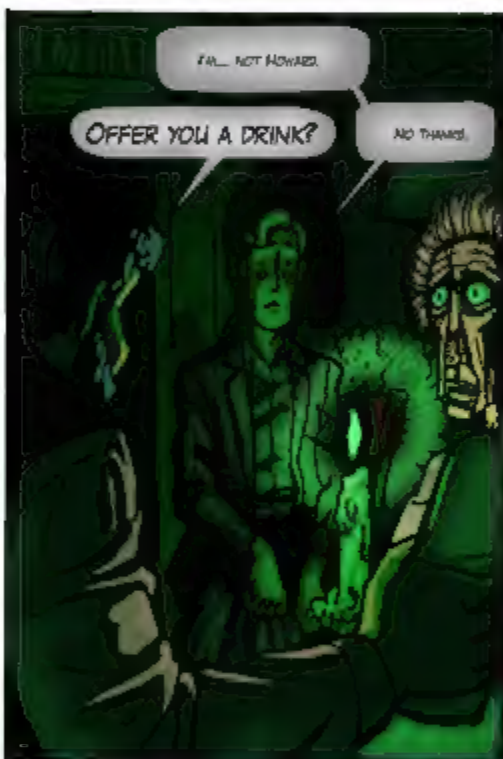
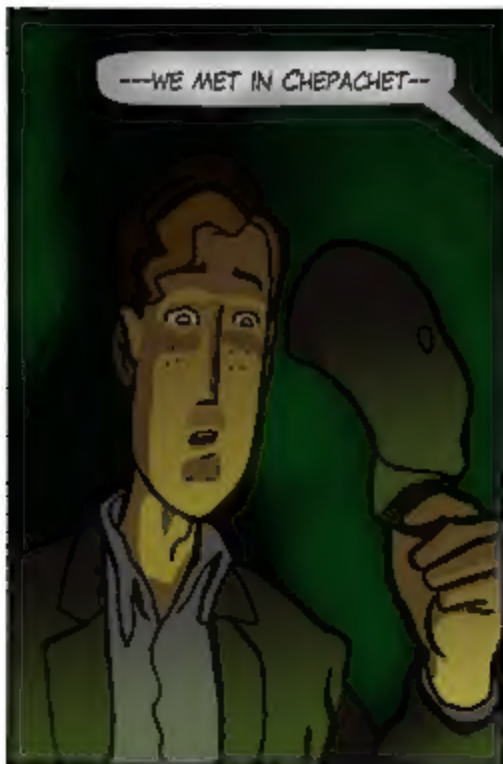


GOOD DAY, MISS CLARKE.

DON'T WORRY, MA'AM. WE'LL FIND HOWARD.







...BUT THEY WERE ALL SPREAD OUT BEFORE,
DISORGANIZED-LIKE NOW, WHAT WITH
TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES EVERYWHERE...
WELL, YOU CAN SEE, THEY'RE GETTING IN
TOUCH WITH ONE ANOTHER. ...GROWING...

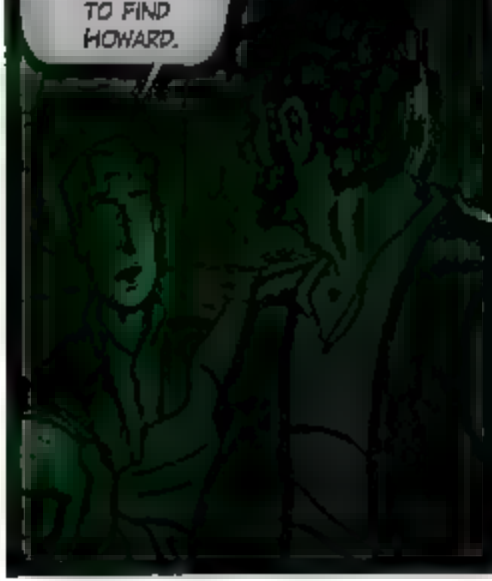


—PRETTY SOON THERE'LL BE NOTHIN'
TO STOP 'EM FROM SWARMING OVER
ALL THE EARTH. YOU KNOW IT AND
I KNOW IT.



YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
CAN STOP 'EM, MATE.

MR MALONE, I'M
JUST TRYING
TO FIND
HOWARD.

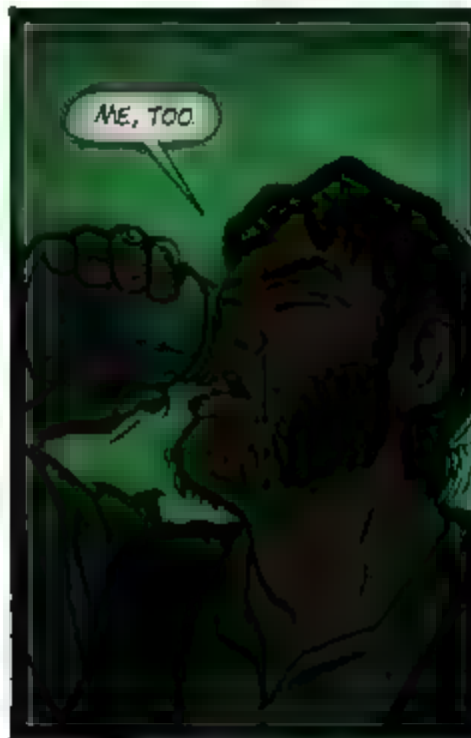


ARE YOU LOST,
HOWARD?

WELL, ME TOO,
MY FRIEND.



ME, TOO.



BUT HERE, I GOT SOME-
THING FOR YOU.



GOT IT OFF ONE OF THEM
SLANTY-EYED FELLERS,
BEFORE I THREW HIM
DOWN A WELL...



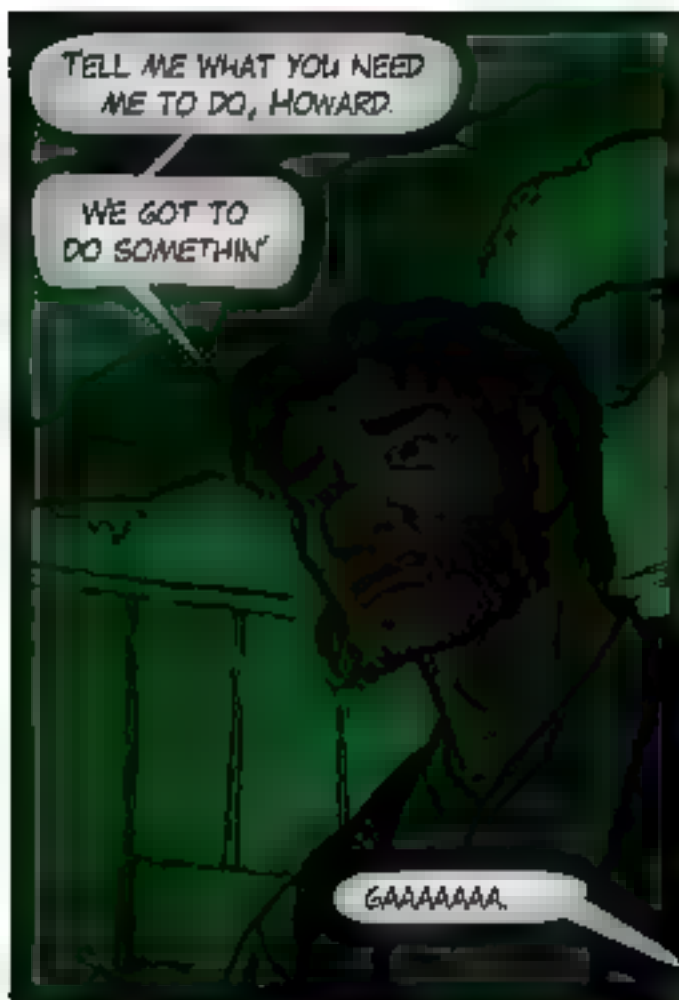
WHAT IS IT?



HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

YOU'RE THE ONE
SUPPOSED TO KNOW.

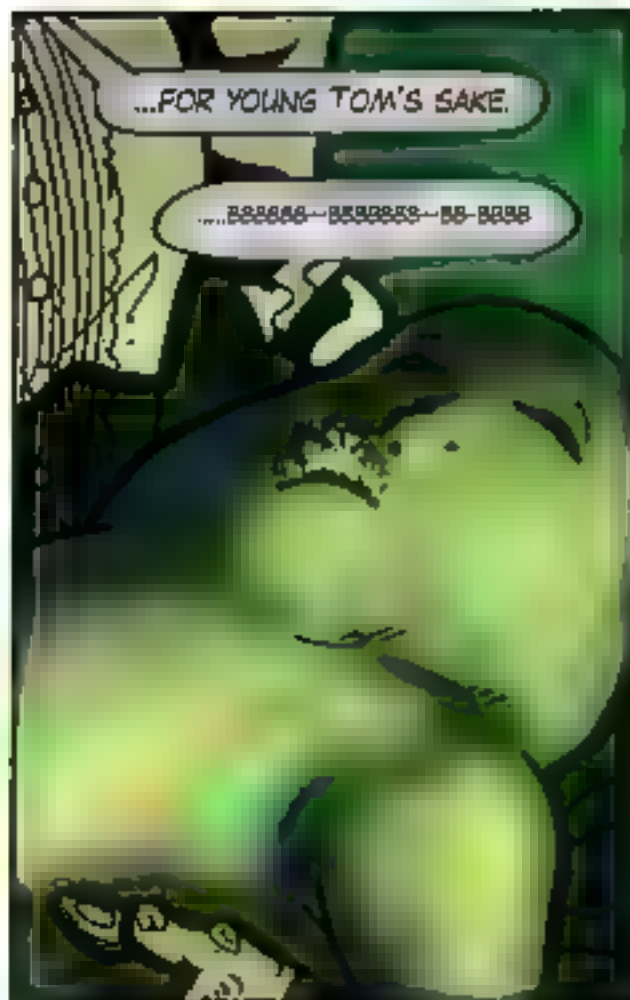




TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED ME TO DO, HOWARD.

WE GOT TO DO SOMETHIN'

GAAAAAAA.

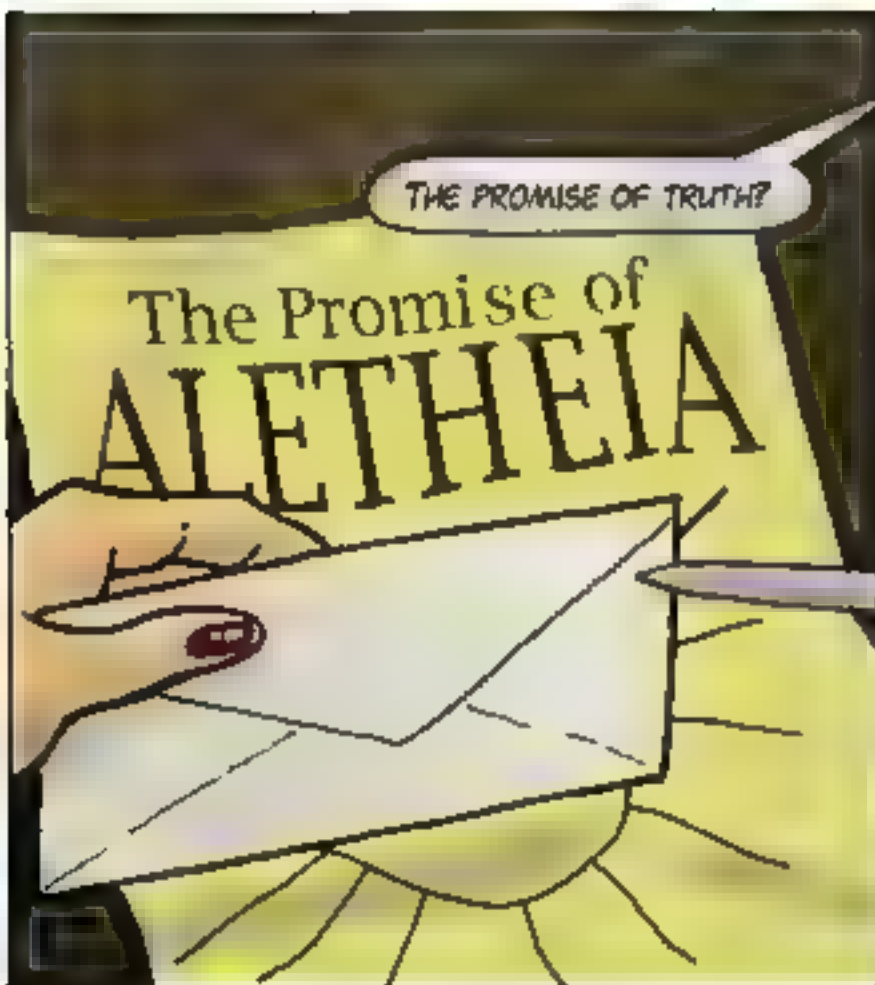


...FOR YOUNG TOM'S SAKE.

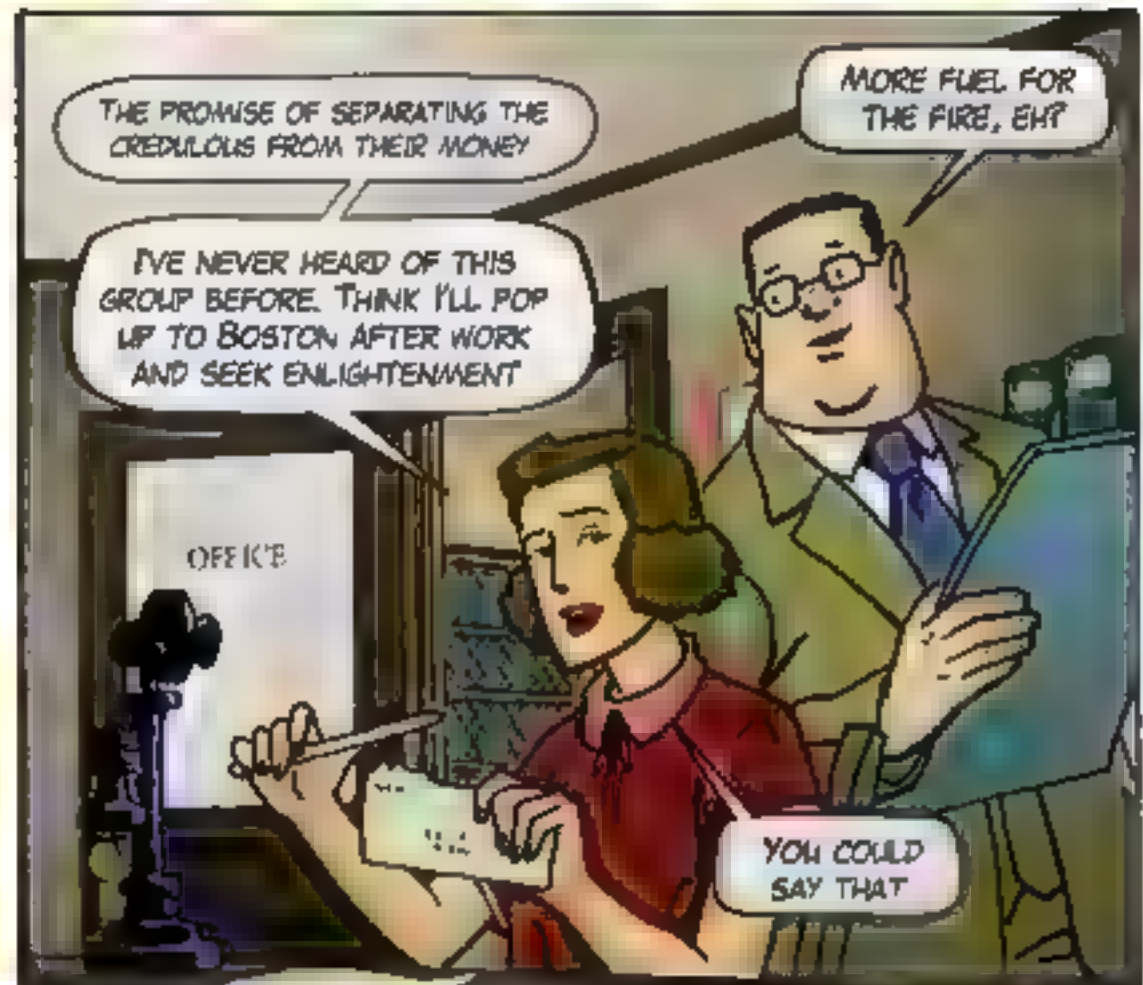
...BBBBBBB-BBBBBBBB-BB-BBBB



GNNNGGHHHGGGHH.



THE PROMISE OF TRUTH?



THE PROMISE OF SEPARATING THE CREDULOUS FROM THEIR MONEY

MORE FUEL FOR THE FIRE, EH?

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THIS GROUP BEFORE. THINK I'LL POP UP TO BOSTON AFTER WORK AND SEEK ENLIGHTENMENT

OFFICE

YOU COULD SAY THAT



I BOW TO YOUR RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF THE OBJECT OF YOUR OBSSIVE ANIMOSITY. I TRUST THAT ONE DAY THIS PASSION WILL PRODUCE A MONUMENTAL TREATISE ON THE INTRICACIES OF THE OCCULT

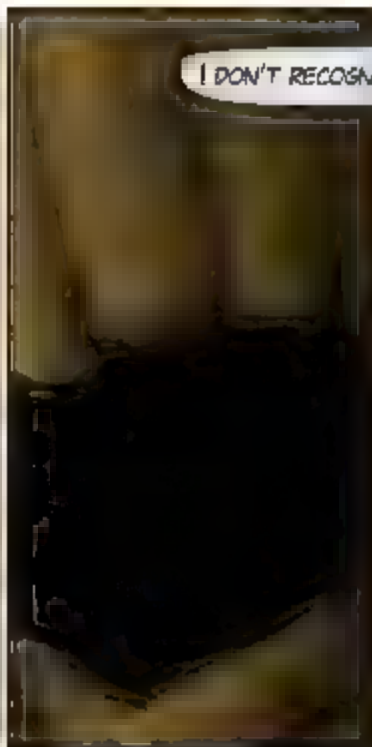
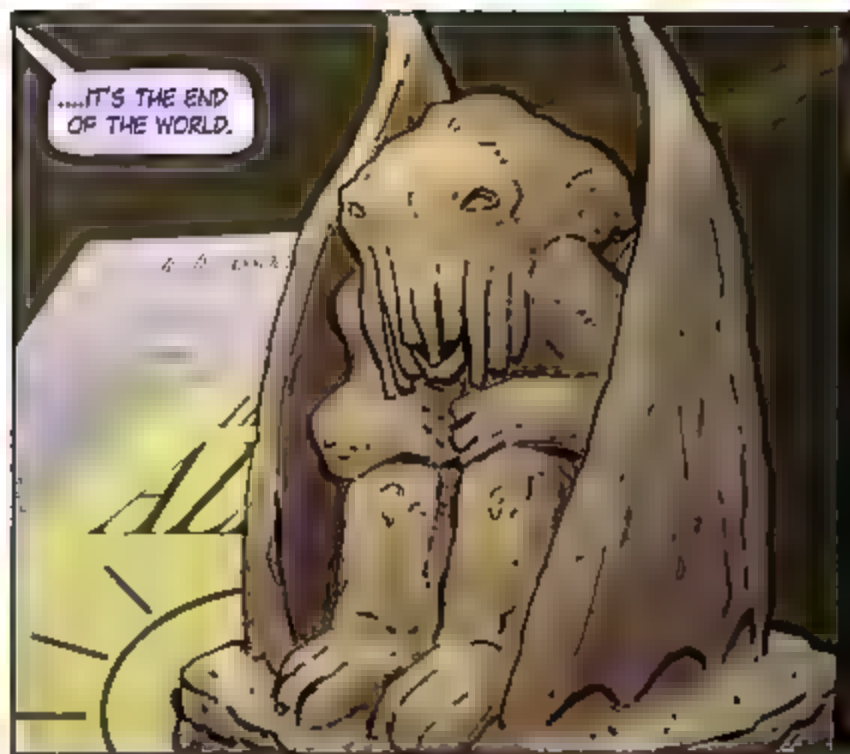
BUT HAVE YOU EVER EVEN TRIED TO MEET YOUR SPIRITUAL SELF HALF-WAY?

I DON'T HAVE TO LIE DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY STREET TO KNOW IT'S A BAD IDEA



AND WHEN I DO FINALLY FIND WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR, I PROMISE, EVERYONE WILL KNOW IT.

IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL CATALOGUE THE LATEST VARIATION OF THE STANDARD HOKUM AND HOPE THAT MR. LOVECRAFT WILL MAKE AN APPEARANCE.



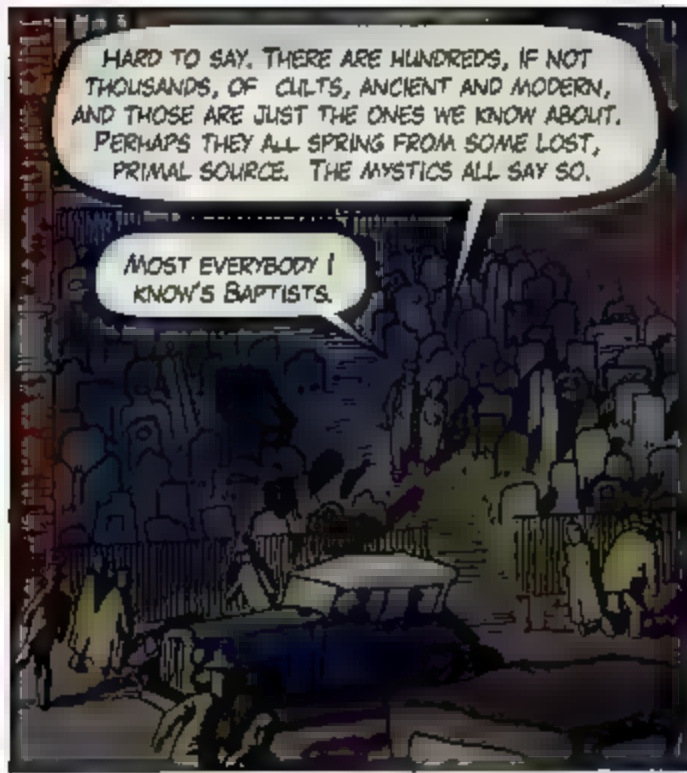
I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT AND I'VE STUDIED ESOTERIC AND OCCULT GROUPS FOR YEARS.



AT BEST, LOVECRAFT IS AN AMATEUR. WHAT COULD HE KNOW THAT HASN'T BEEN IN THE JOURNALS?

AND THEN THERE'S THE MATTER OF THE PLATES. NOT A SCHOLARLY THING TO DO.

COULD THERE BE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO?



HARD TO SAY. THERE ARE HUNDREDS, IF NOT THOUSANDS, OF CULTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, AND THOSE ARE JUST THE ONES WE KNOW ABOUT. PERHAPS THEY ALL SPRING FROM SOME LOST, PRIMAL SOURCE. THE MYSTICS ALL SAY SO.

MOST EVERYBODY I KNOW'S BAPTISTS.

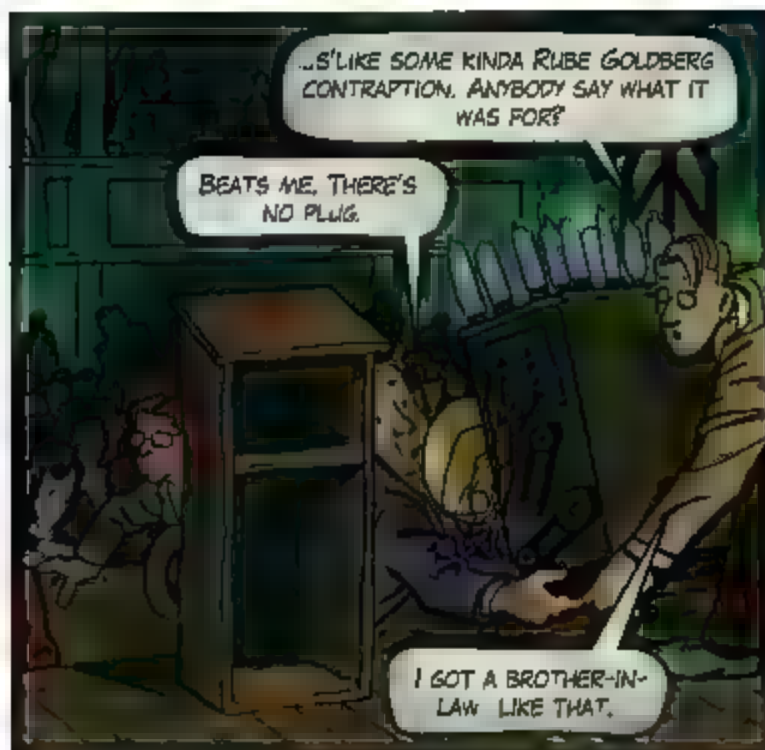


WELL, ABOUT ALL YOU'LL RECOGNIZE TONIGHT IS THE COLLECTION PLATE.



NO SIGN OF HOWARD. SHOULD WE WAIT OUT HERE OR GO IN?

WE'LL SIT IN THE BALCONY. WE'LL SEE HIM IF HE COMES IN.



...S'LIKE SOME KINDA RUBE GOLDBERG CONTRAPTION. ANYBODY SAY WHAT IT WAS FOR?

BEATS ME. THERE'S NO PLUG.

I GOT A BROTHER-IN-LAW LIKE THAT.



ALETHEA IS THAT BURST OF UNDERSTANDING, THE EMBODIMENT OF TRUTH, THE TRUE TRUTH. OF COURSE I KNEW ALL ABOUT IT IN MY FORMER LIFE AS AN ATLANTIAN PRINCESS. BUT IT TOOK DR. KARTOPHILUS TO REAWAKEN MY CONSCIOUSNESS...

YOU KNOW, I WAS AN ATLANTIAN PRINCESS AS WELL—

IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME IN THE LEAST! SO WAS ELIZABETH STROUT! ISN'T THAT REMARKABLE!

(NOW WE KNOW WHY ATLANTIS SANK THE WEIGHT OF ALL THOSE PRINCESSES.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OR RATHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, FELLOW SEEKERS OF ALETHEIA, THAT RADIANT, EVER-BECKONING BEACON THAT IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE EYE OF GOD...WELCOME.

AS OUR KNOWLEDGE GROWS, SO TOO DOES THE PROSPECT FOR THAT PERFECT REALIZATION OF SELF, THE TRUE SELF, THE HIGHER BEING LOCKED WITHIN EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US. THE TRUE PATH LIES THROUGH THE NARROW GATE, BUT THE GATE HAS BEEN OBSCURED BY CENTURIES, NAY, MILLENNIA OF GREED AND AVARICE, OF SELFISHNESS AND HATRED, OF FALSE PROPHETS AND RELIGIONS.

BUT ONE MAN HAS PIERCED THE VEIL, AND RETURNED WITH THE AGELESS SECRETS OF THE ASCENDED MASTERS. HIS BOOKS HAVE SCATTERED LIKE SEEDS, MAKING THESE MYSTERIES AVAILABLE TO EVERY ONE WHO SEEKS IT AND WE ARE BLESSED TONIGHT WITH HIS PRESENCE.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I GIVE YOU—

...DR. KARTOPHILUS!

—WHAT THE HELL?

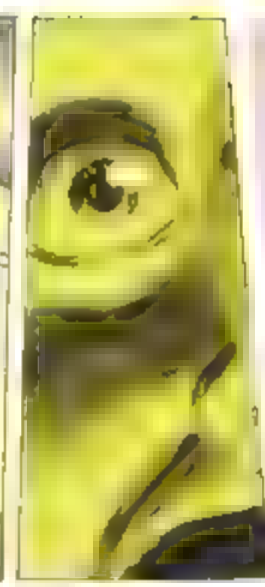


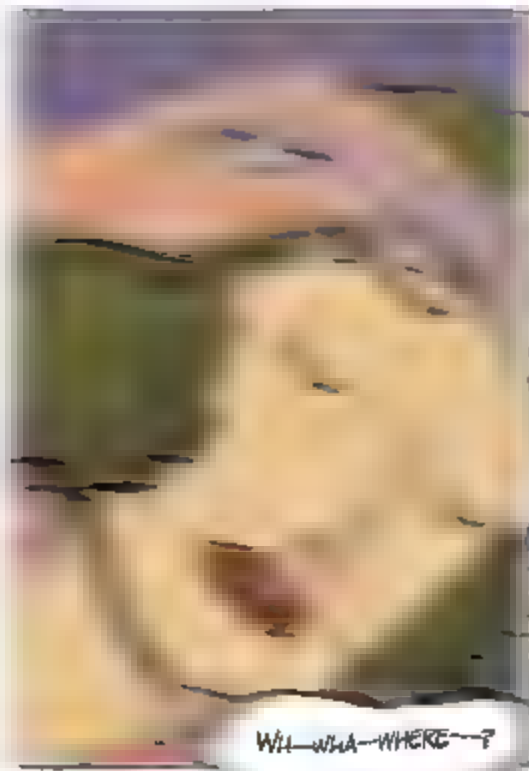
SIMPLE WORDS CANNOT BEGIN
TO EXPRESS THE JOY AND LOVE
I FEEL IN MY HEART

RATHER, I WOULD USE
THE LANGUAGE OF THE
ASCENDED ILLUMINATES--



-F'THGANN EA'NY TE KSHYG-Y





WH—WHA—WHERE—?



TAKE 'ER EASY
YOU FAINTED.

HAS HE GONE?



WHO?

THE 'DOCTOR'—



NO, THERE'S A RECEPTION---

HEY! YOU SHOULDN'T---

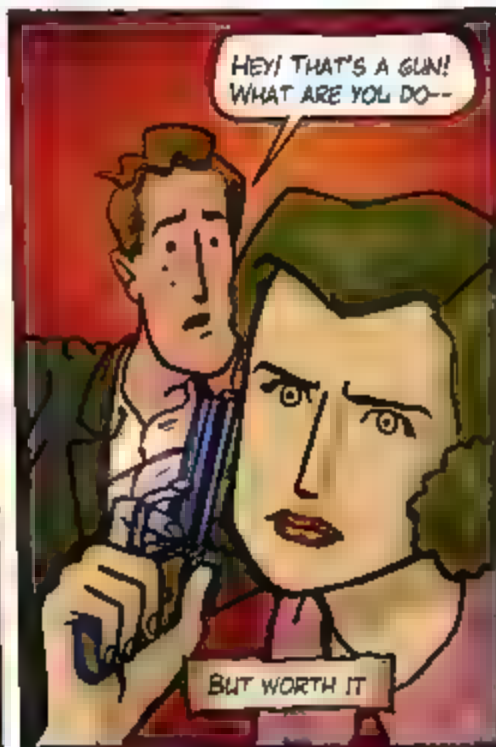
IT'S HIM, MUMMY, DADDY,
AFTER ALL THIS TIME.



ALIVE!

BUT NOT FOR LONG

WON'T BE ABLE TO FINISH MY
WORK NOW SHAME, REALLY.



HEY! THAT'S A GUN!
WHAT ARE YOU DO--

BUT WORTH IT



ABSOLUTELY WORTH IT.



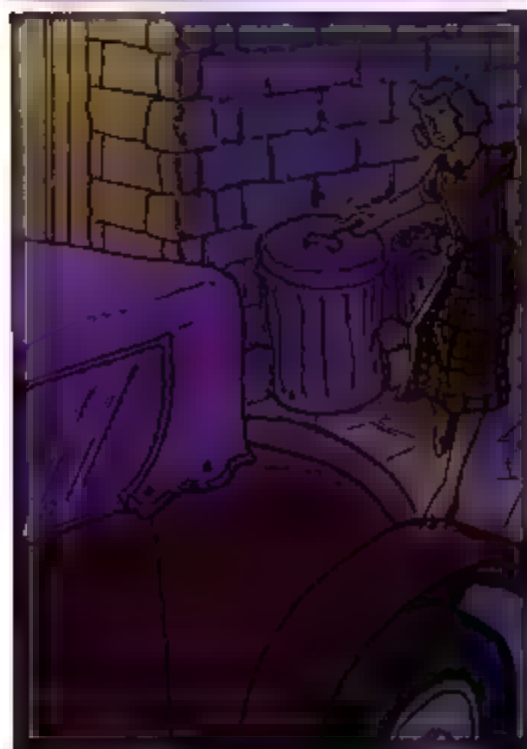
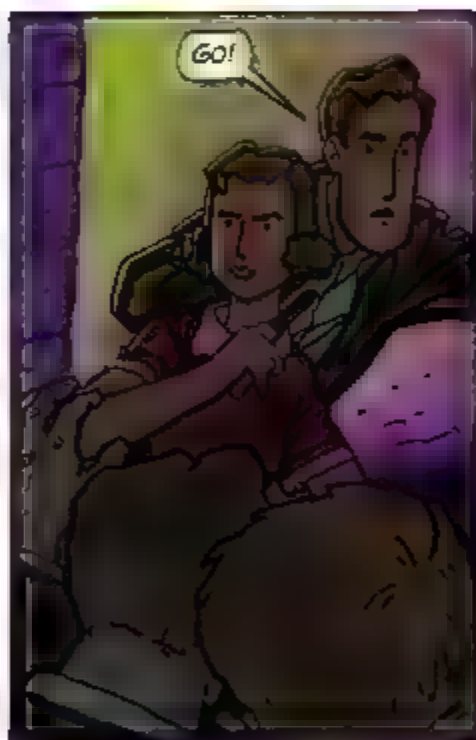
WISH YOU WERE
HERE TO WATCH.

AND I HAVE PLENTY OF
BULLETS TO GO AROUND.



IT'S THE BOY!

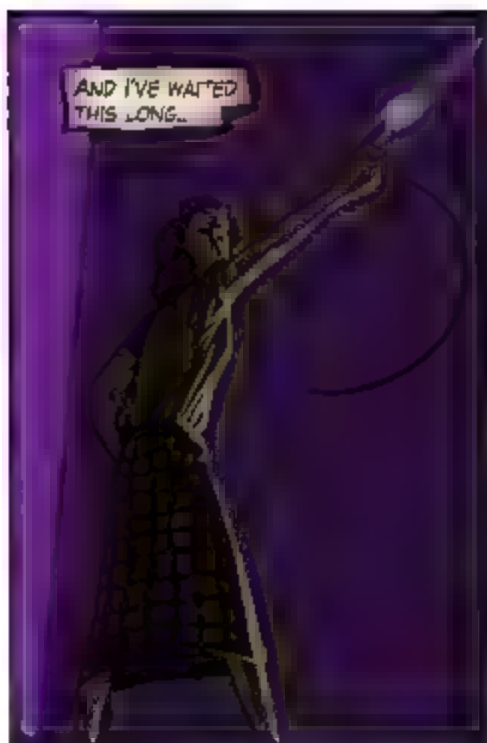




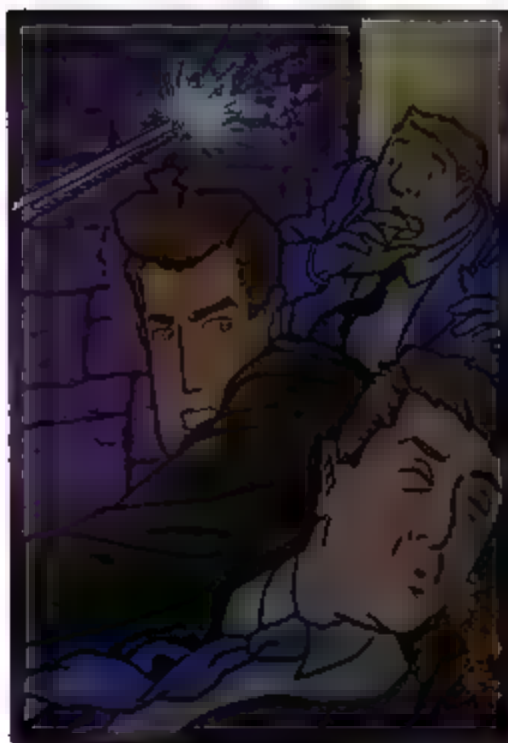


RUN WHILE YOU CAN DOCTOR. BECAUSE NOW I KNOW YOU'RE REALLY OUT THERE

SHIT!



AND I'VE WAITED THIS LONG...



THEY AIN'T PAYIN' ME TO GET SHOT AT

DITTO



ARE YOU OK?

YEAH! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?



I'M SORRY IT'S...PERSONAL

I'D HOPE TO TELL YOU!



I THOUGHT MAYBE IN THE BIG CITY YOU JUST STARTED SHOOTIN' PEOPLE FOR THE HECK OF--

WIN, MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO NOW.

NOT A CHANCE. I'LL GET THREE STORIES OUTTA THIS--

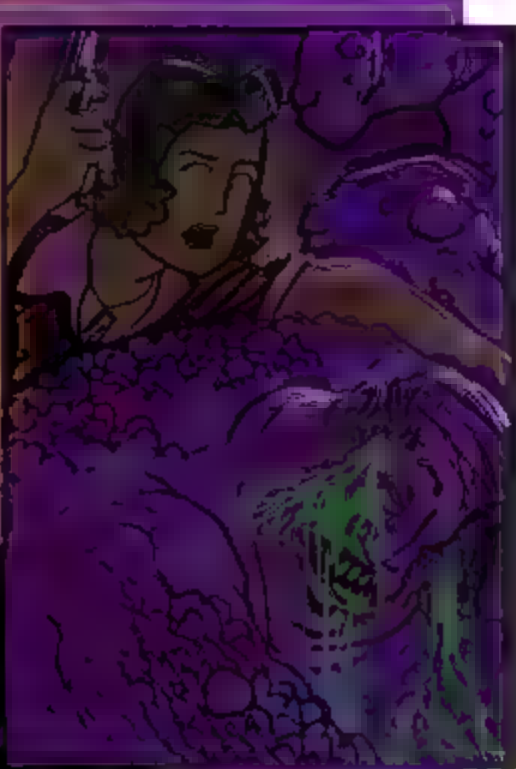
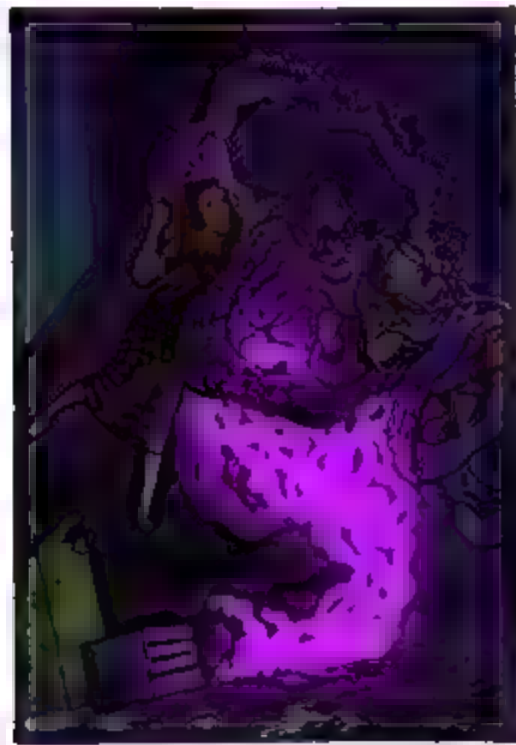
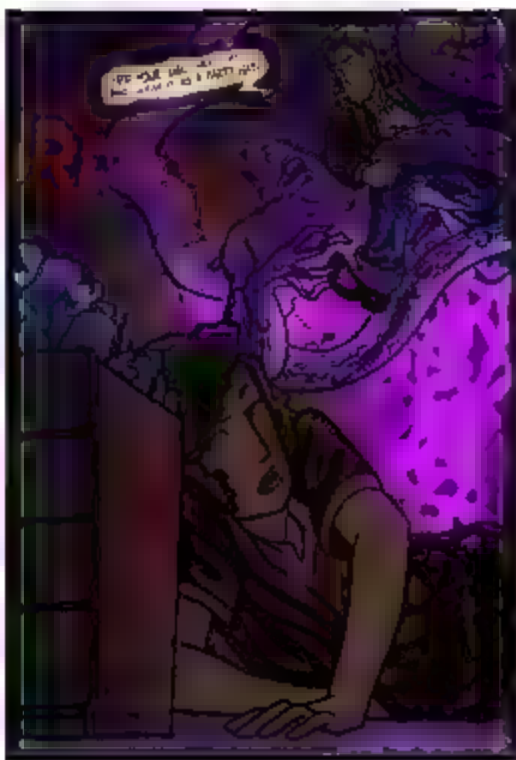
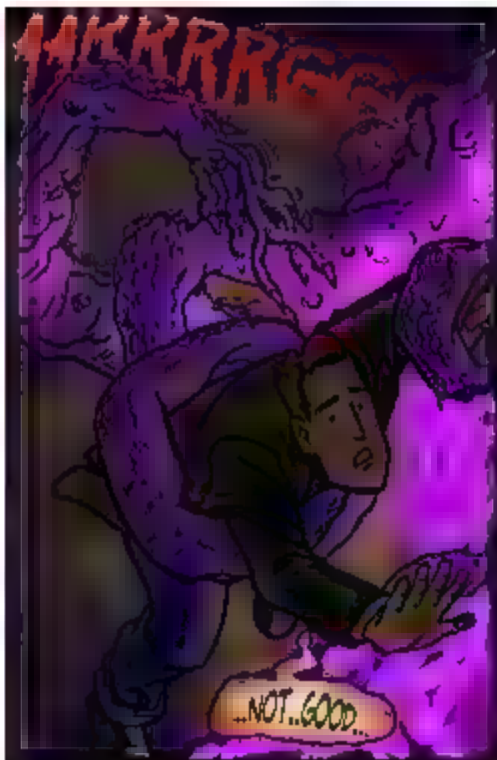
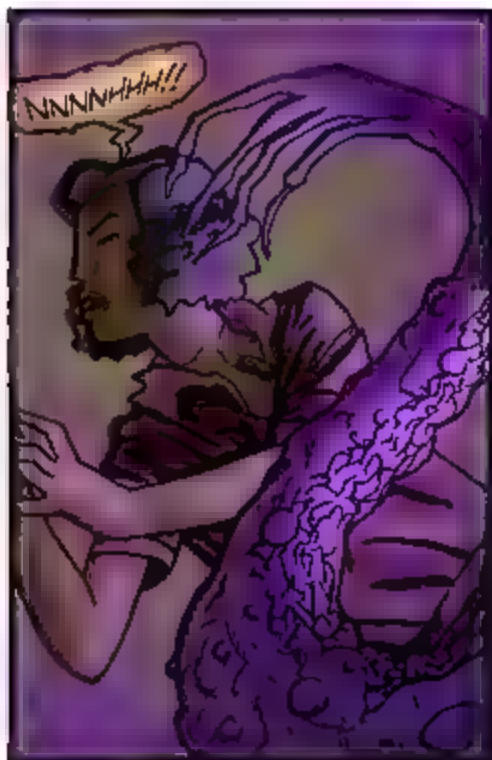


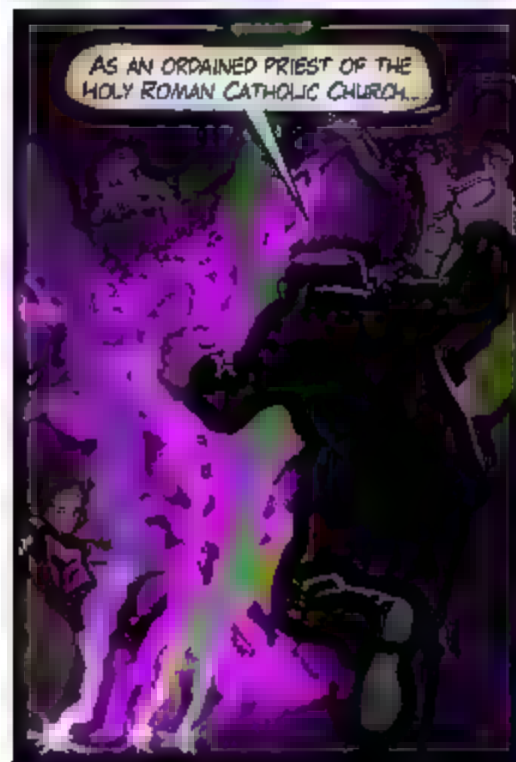
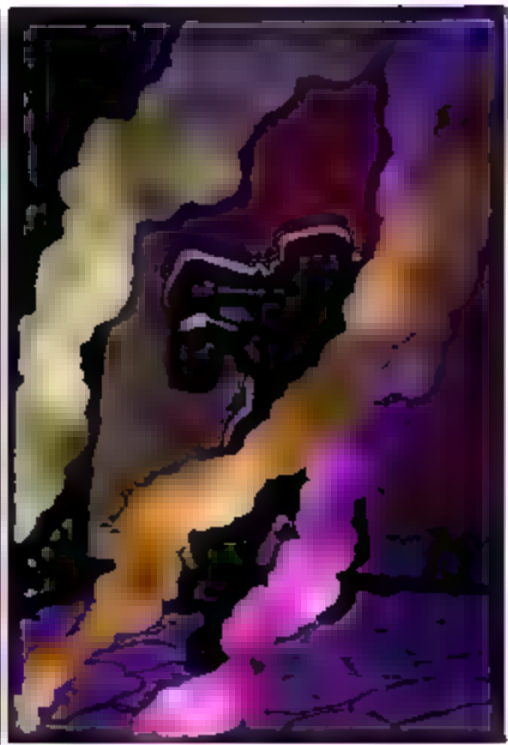
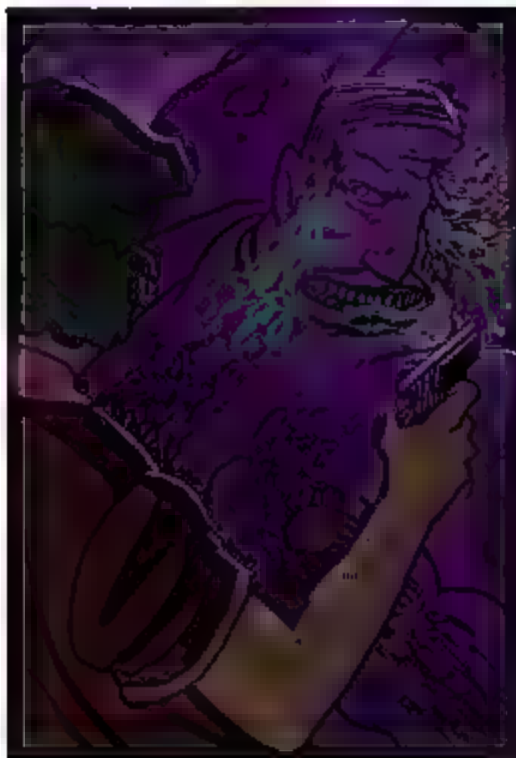
YOU MUST DIE.

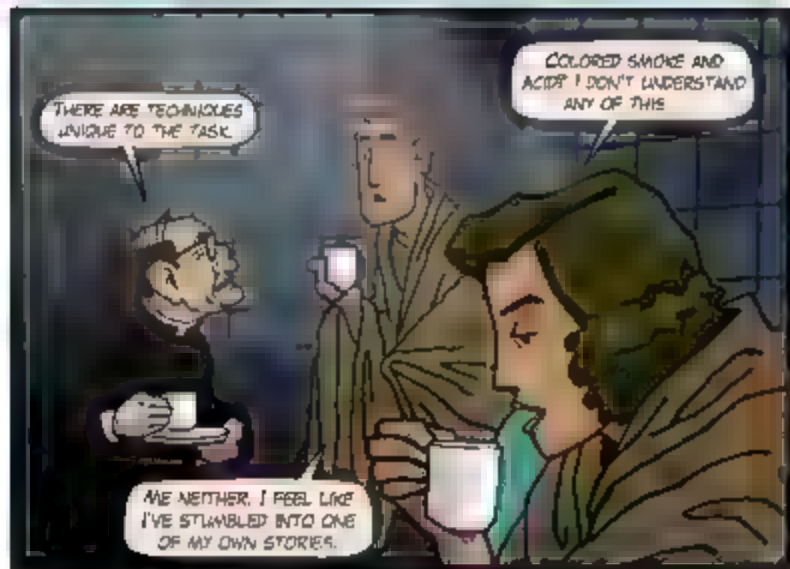
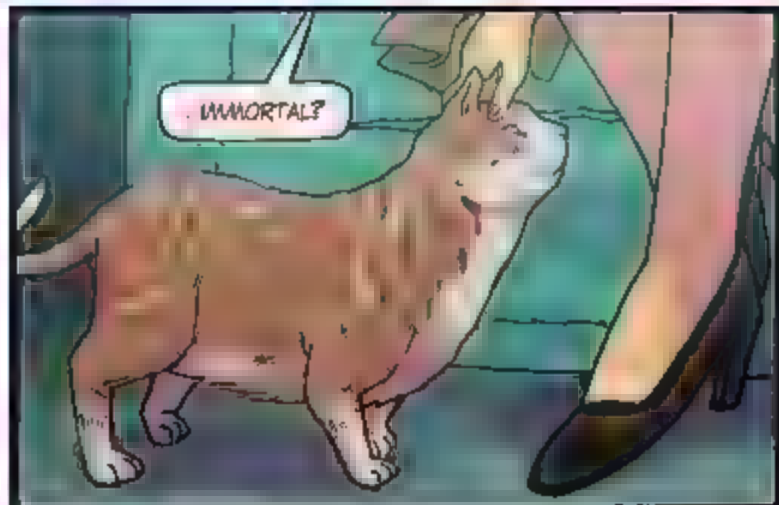
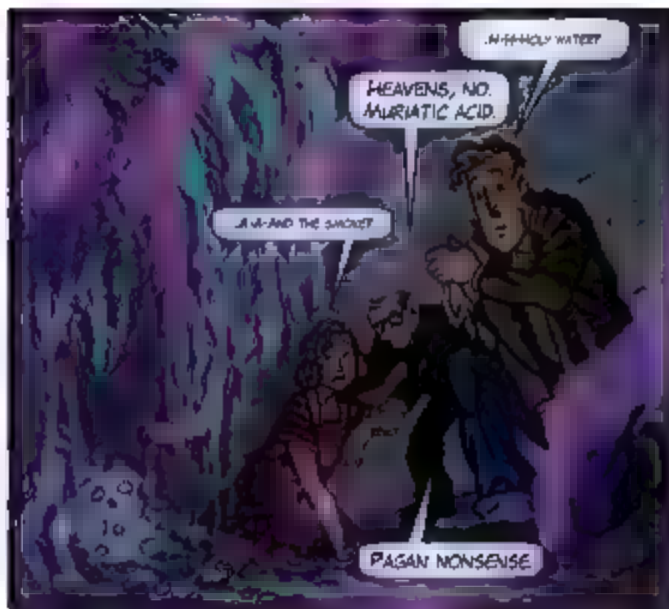


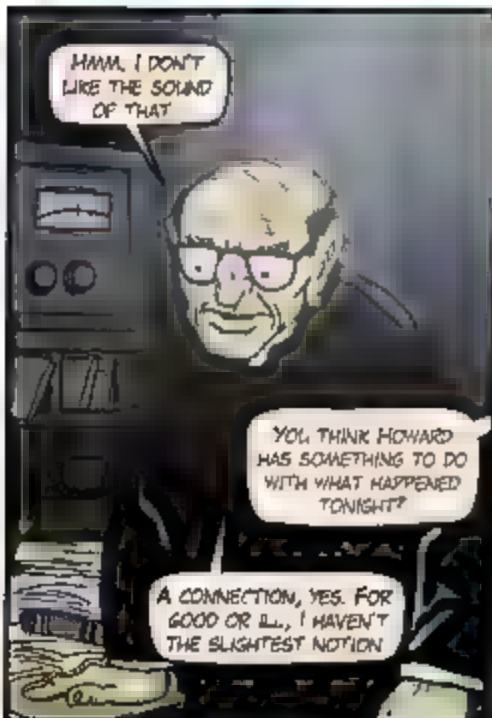
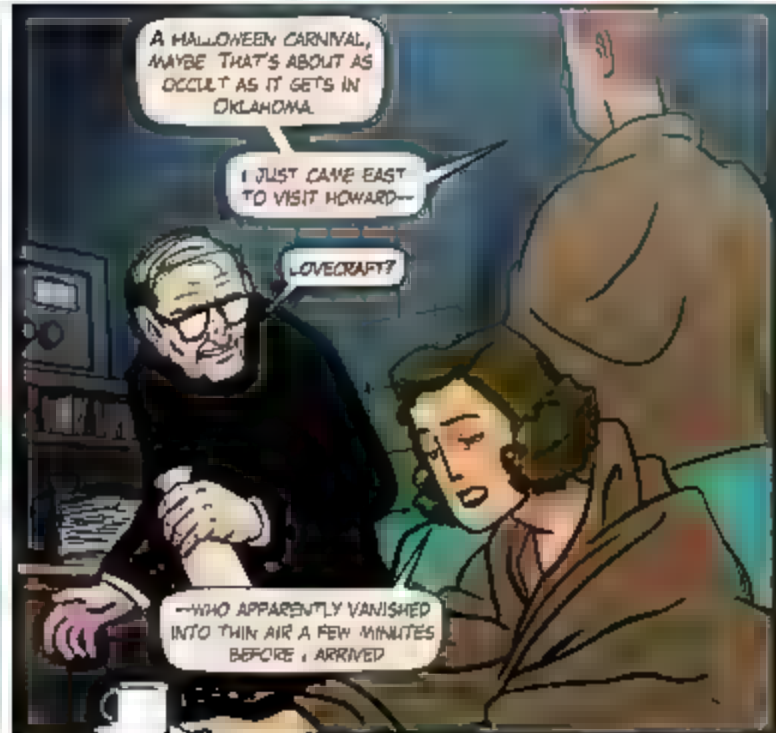
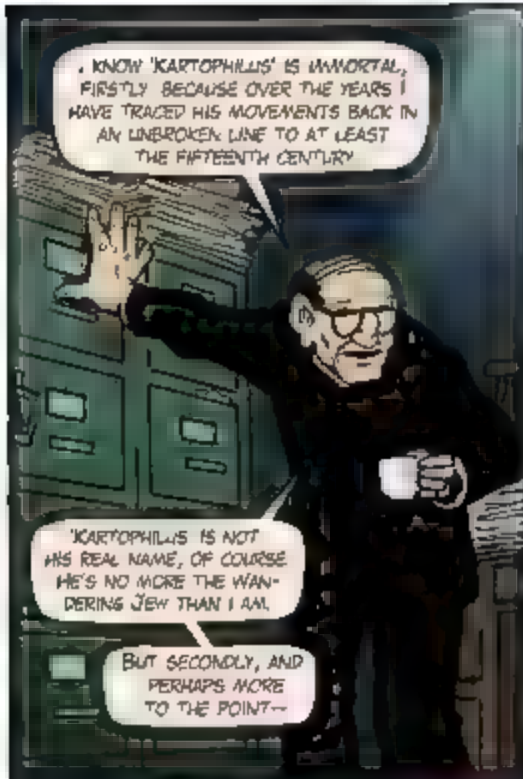
NOT IMPRESSED, SHORT STUFF, I WRITE LINES LIKE THAT FOR A CENT A WORD. SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, IF YOU THINK--

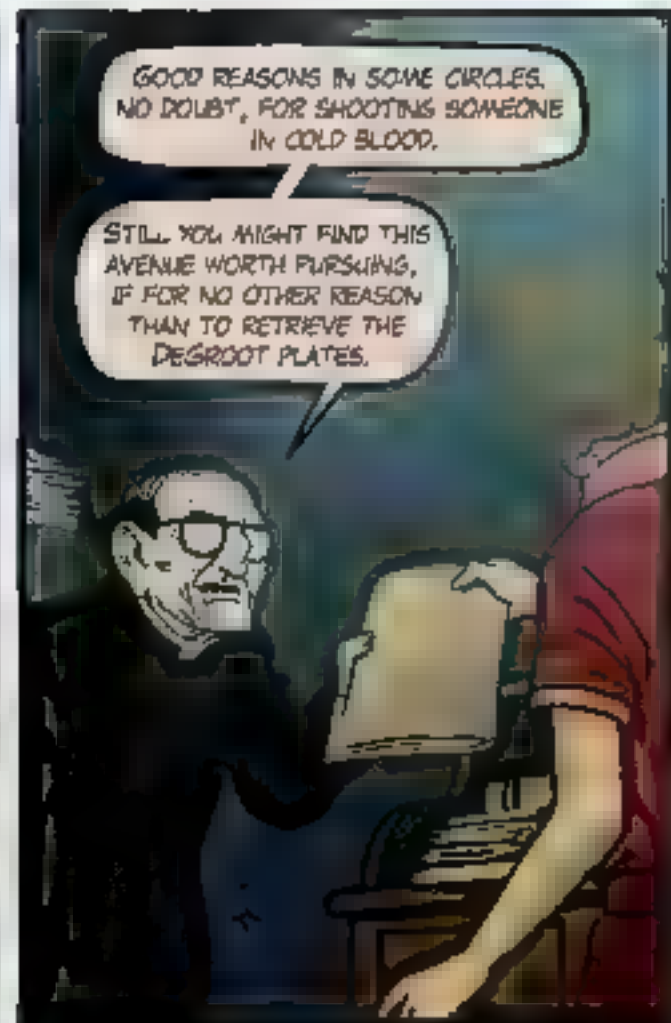














SEE, PA, WE HIKED ALL THIS WAY
TO SEE A RUIN DOWN OL' BARN

BOY YOU AIN'T GOT THE SENSE
GOD GIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.



I TOLD YOU YORE DAY WUZ COMIN' AND
THIS IS IT, SO QUIT DRAGGIN' YOUR ASS.

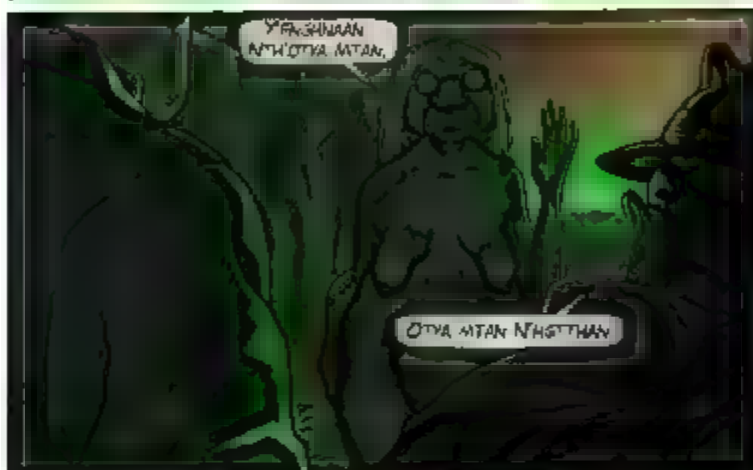
OK, PA, I JUST CAN'T SEE
WHY WE HAD TO LEAVE THE
TRUCK BACK AT THE CROSSING.



I GOT MY REASONS, THAT'S
ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.



M-AMZ HURTER?

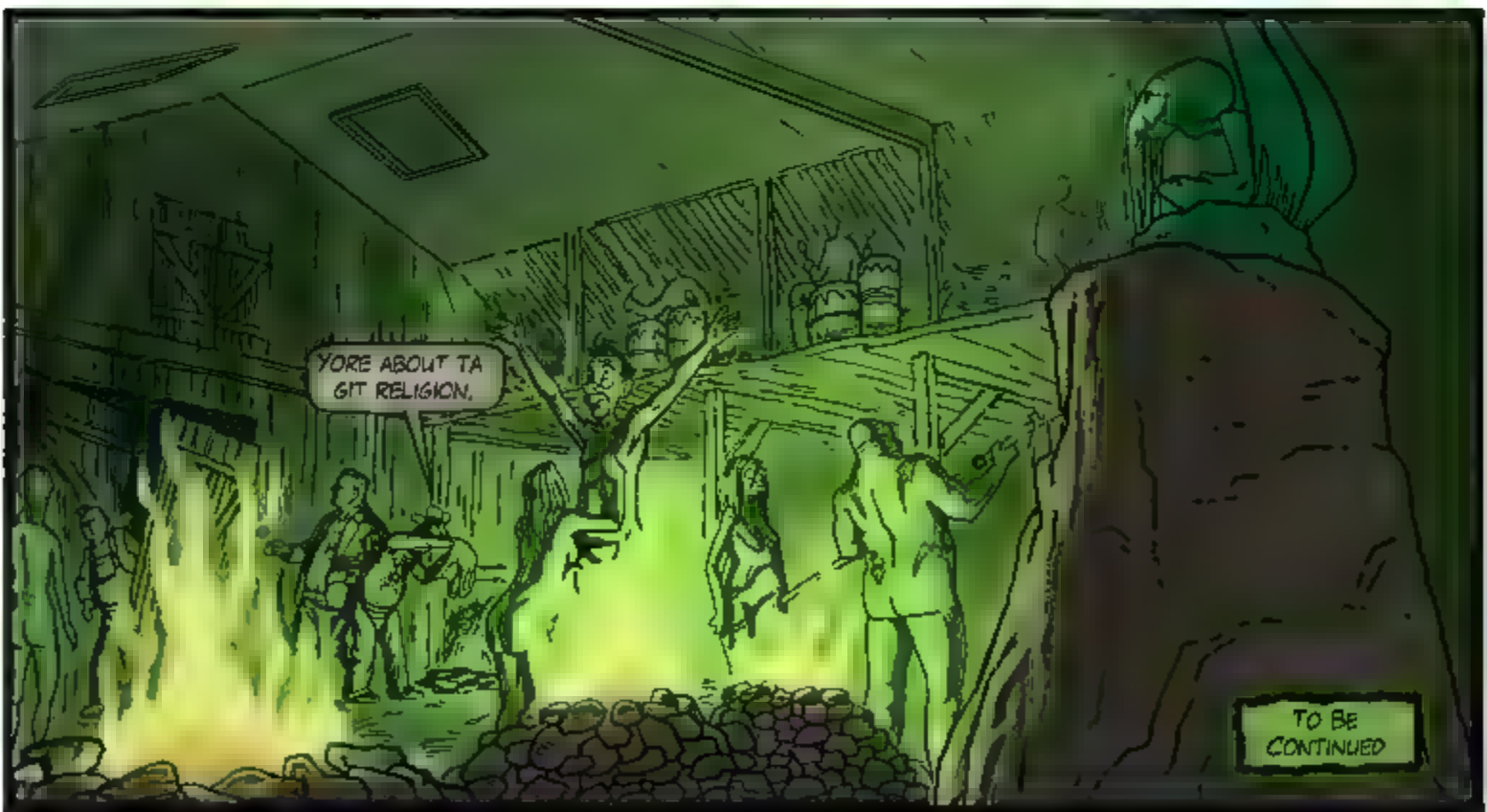


YFASHMAN
N'WOTYA, N'YAN.

OTYA N'YAN N'GOTTHAN



SKIN DOWN, BOY



YORE ABOUT TA
GIT RELIGION.

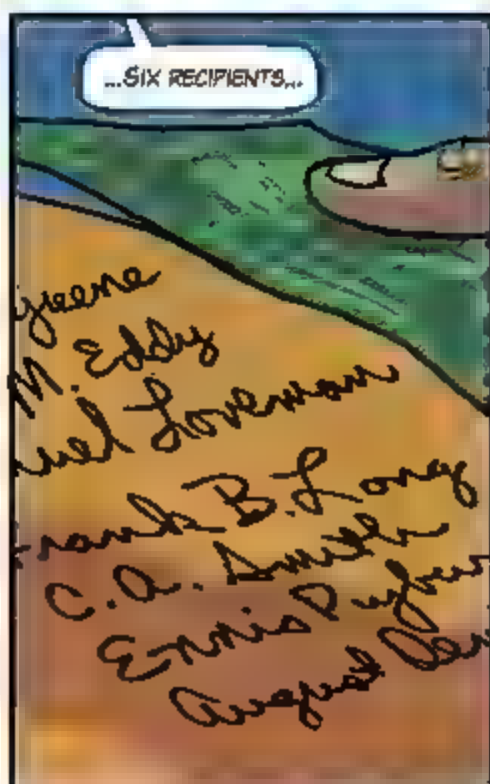
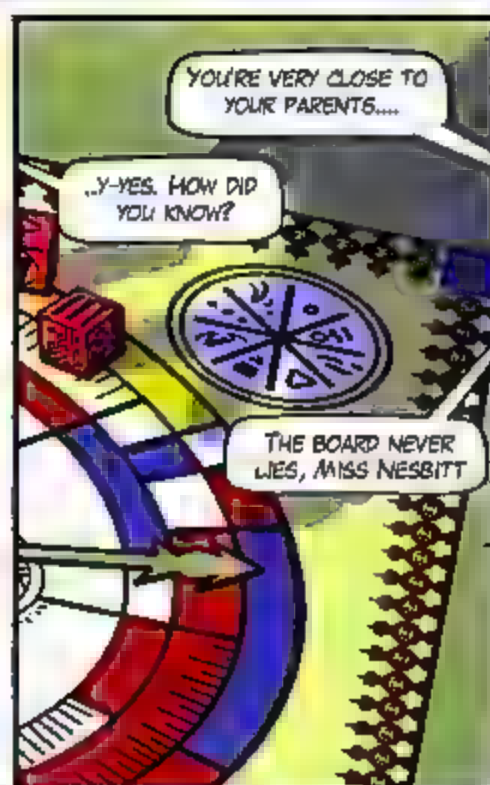
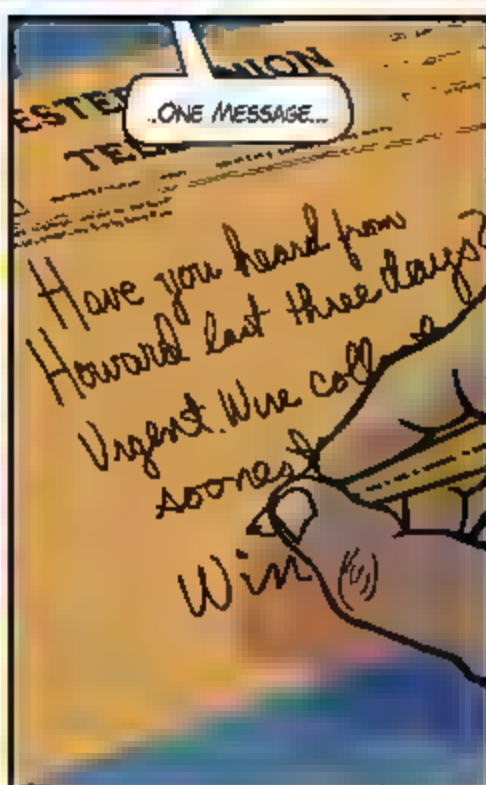
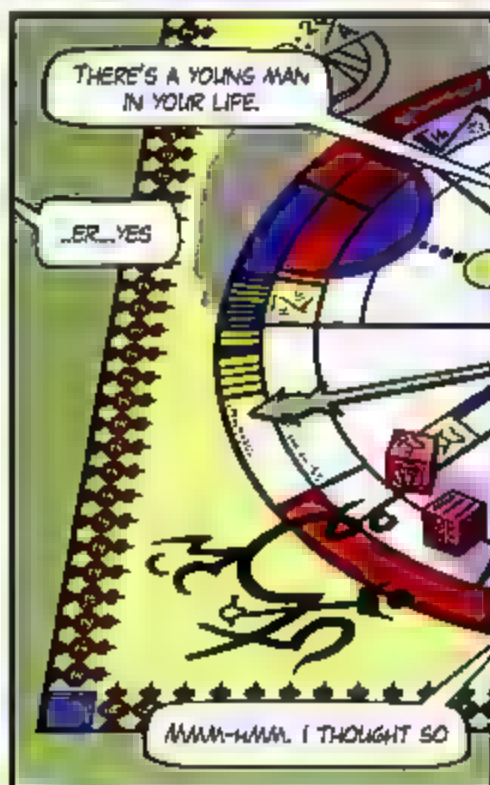
TO BE
CONTINUED



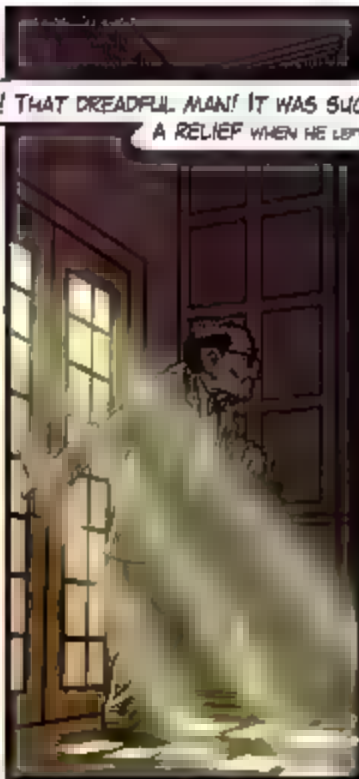
Book 3: Whispers of Their Secrets
starts Wednesday, May 27, 2009

Lovecraft
is missing

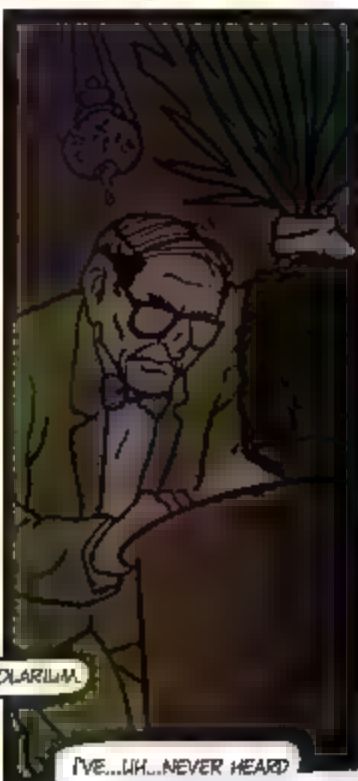
Book 3: Whispers of Their Secrets



SNF! THAT DREADFUL MAN! IT WAS SUCH
A RELIEF WHEN HE LEFT AFTER THE WAR. A TAD HEARD



MUSIC FOR THE MARINOLIC UNIFICATION.
THEY'RE REHEARSING IN THE SOLARIUM.

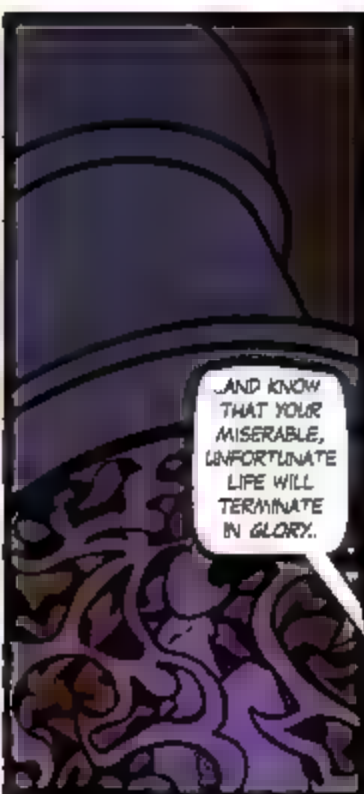
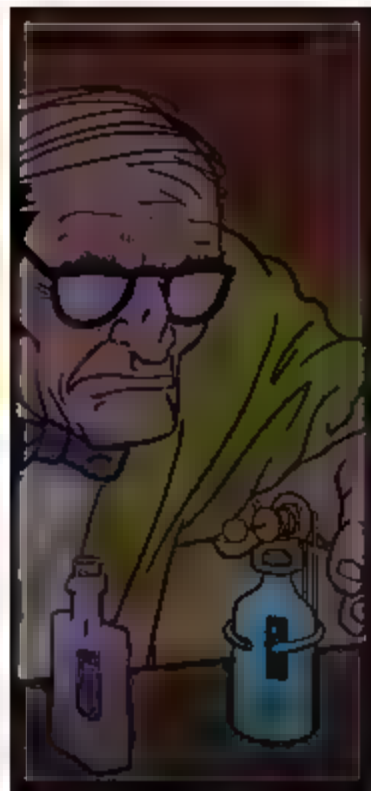


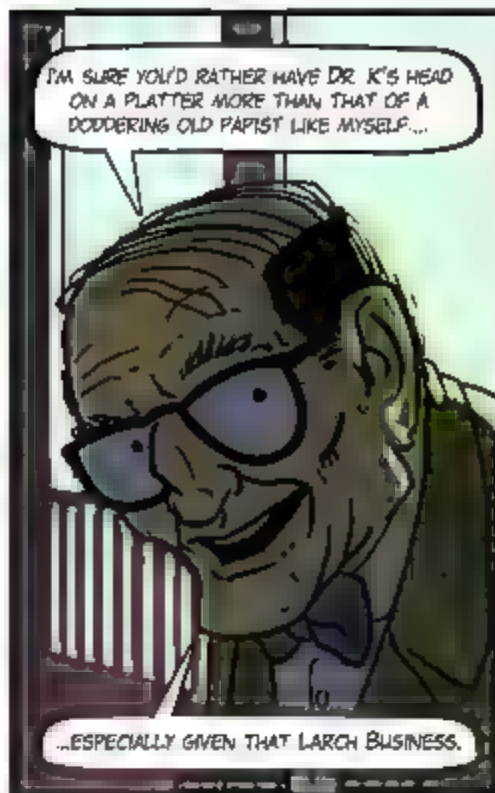
I'VE...UH...NEVER HEARD
ANYTHINS QUITE LIKE IT

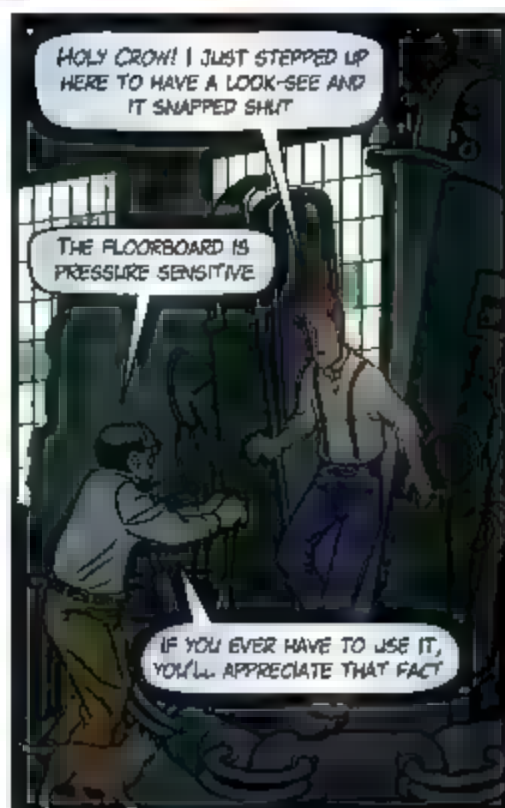
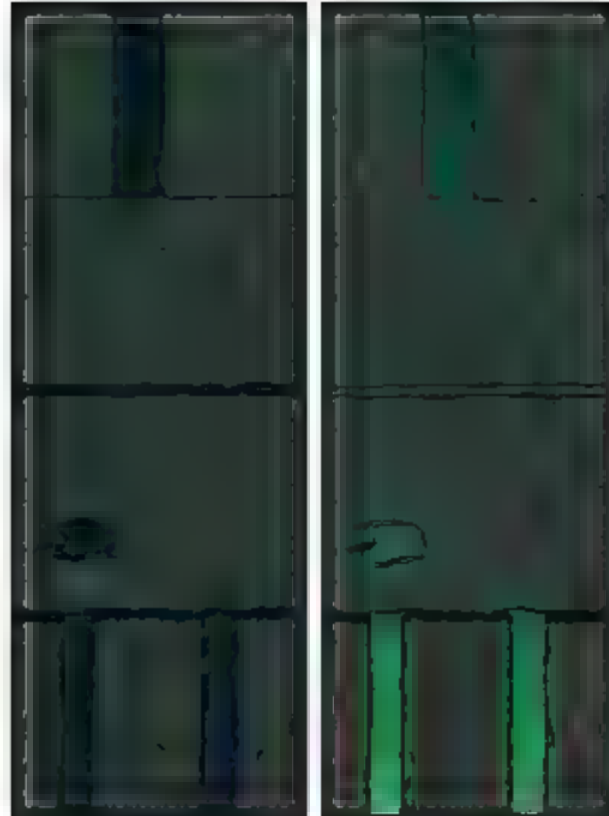


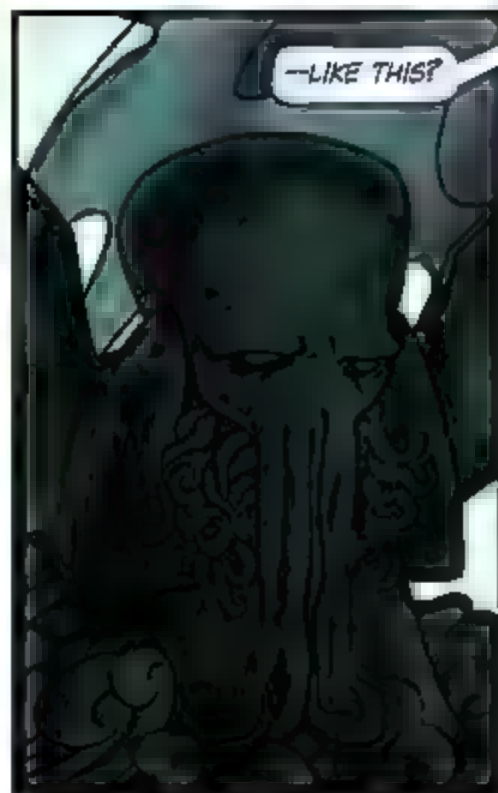
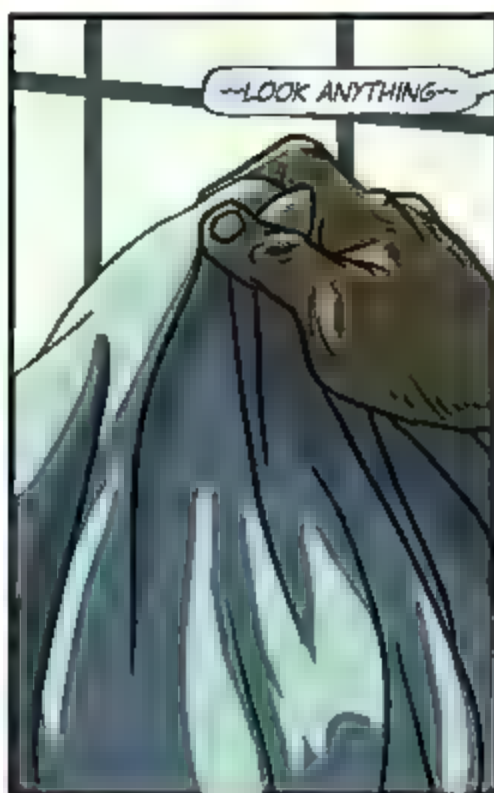
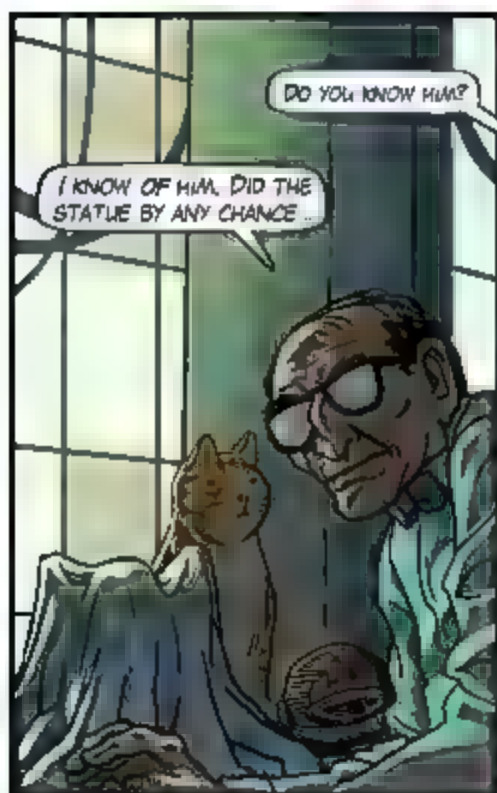
YES. LOVELY, BUT IT'S DE. MARINOLIC MAN.

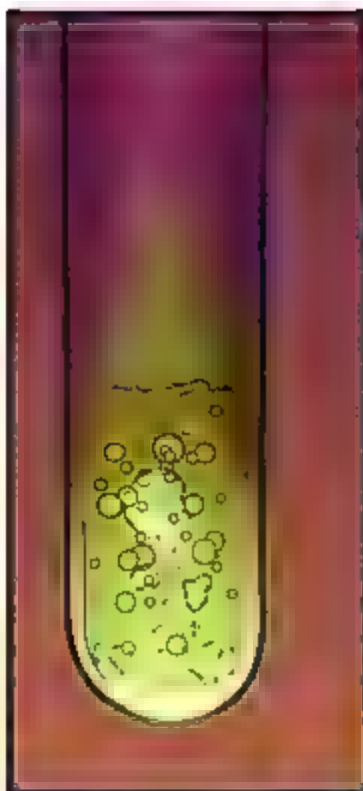
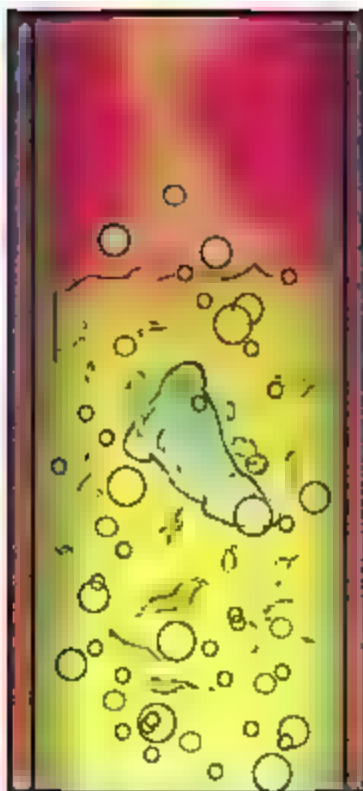
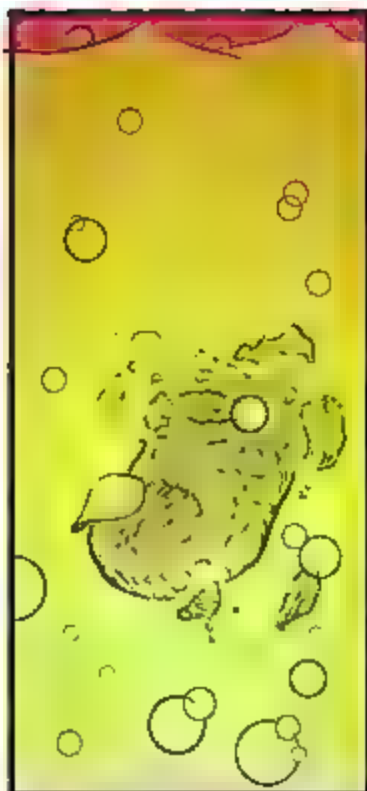














MY DEAR ST GERMAIN,
BUENOS DIAS.

I BROUGHT YOU
A GIFT, MUÑOZ

—TILLERMAN
ANOTHER DRIVER

I COULD ONLY KEEP
THIS ONE ALIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO GET ME HERE



AH, WELL. WE MUST BE THANKFUL
FOR THE SMALL THINGS

THERE WAS TROUBLE, YES?

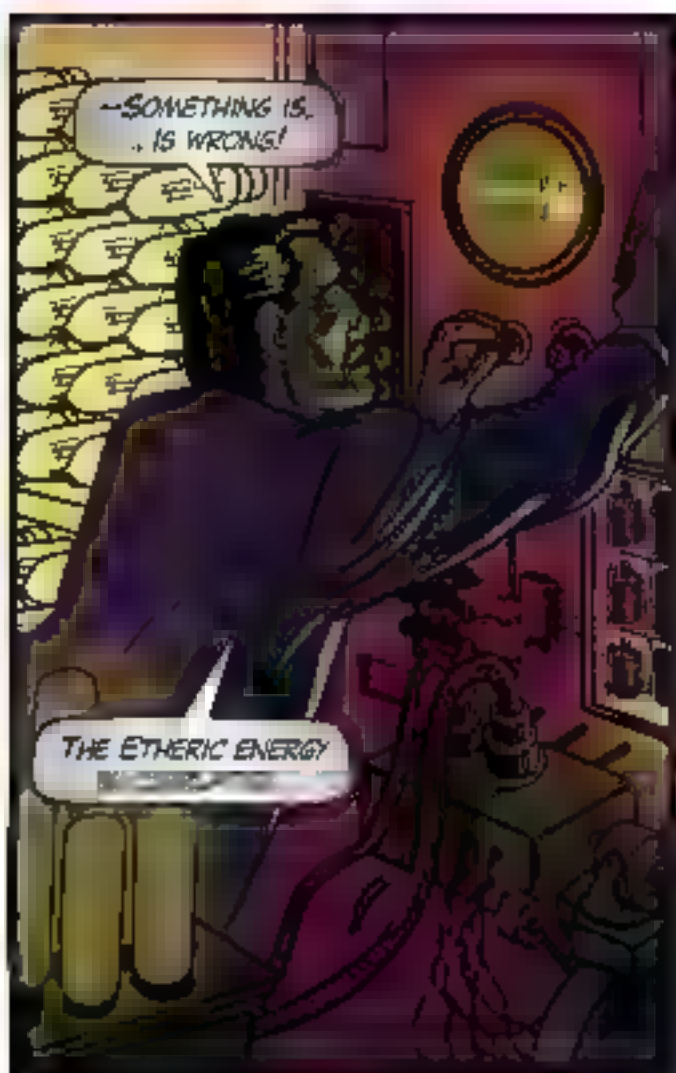
OF A
MINOR
SORT

AH, GOOD, GOOD.
NO DAMAGE!



A VERY IMPORTANT
DAY, YES?

IN HERE, PLEASE LET
ME SEE THE FRUITS
OF OUR LABORS.



—SOMETHING IS,
.. IS WRONG!

THE ETHERIC ENERGY



THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS.

NO! NO! IT'S JUST I—

—I MEET THAT
LARGE MOUNTAIN
OF TILLERMAN'S.

NO, THAT'S NOT
RIGHT TELFORD?
TILTORT? I AM DRAWING
THE BLANK.



TILSHMAN, I THINK YOU SAID.

BUT IN ANY CASE, THE BOOK HAS
BEEN LOCATED AND YOU SHOULD
HAVE IT BEFORE LUNCH.



TH-THAT IS WONDERFUL NEWS.
I AM CERTAIN THE BOOK
WILL BE FOUND THERE.

I HOPE SO. WE ONLY HAVE A FEW
HOURS LEFT, DOCTOR. I WOULD WISH
IT IF YOU WERE TO LET ME DOWN—



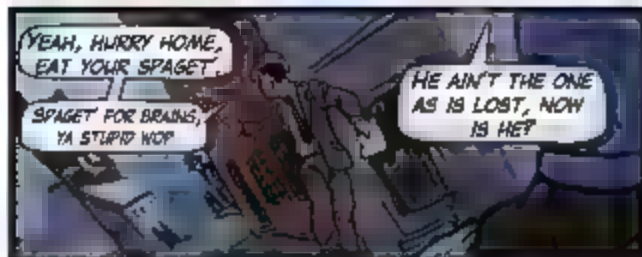
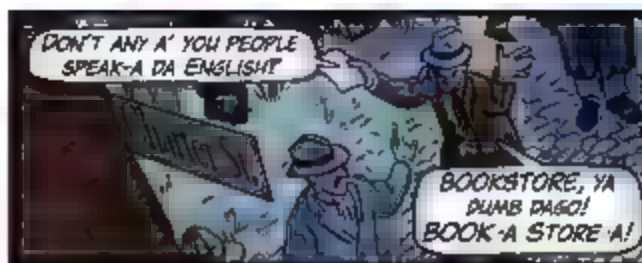
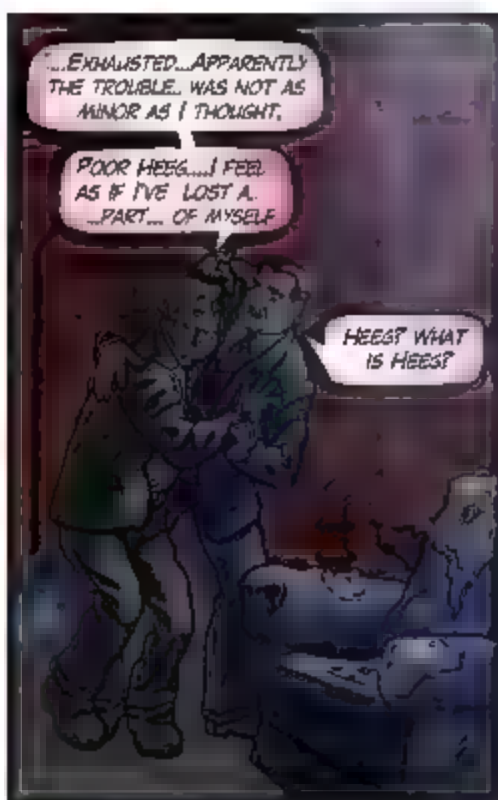
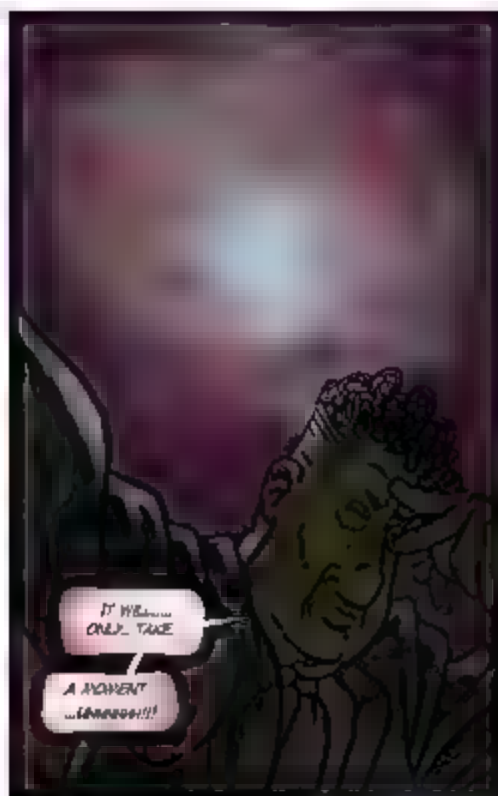
—BUT NOT AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD



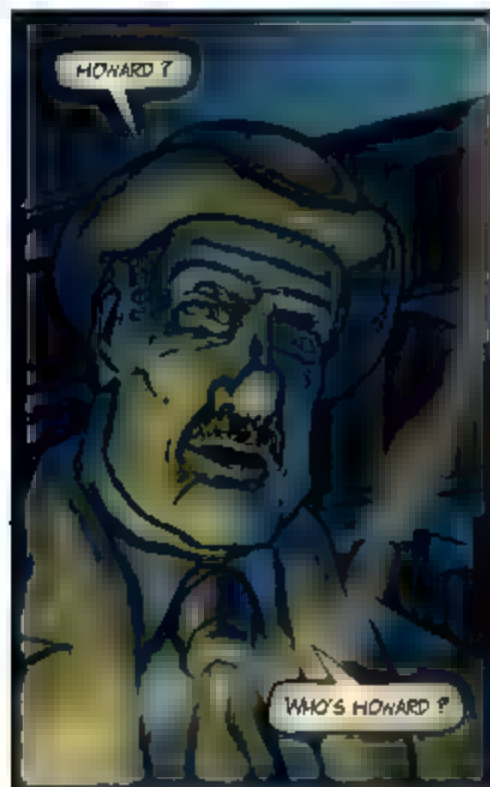
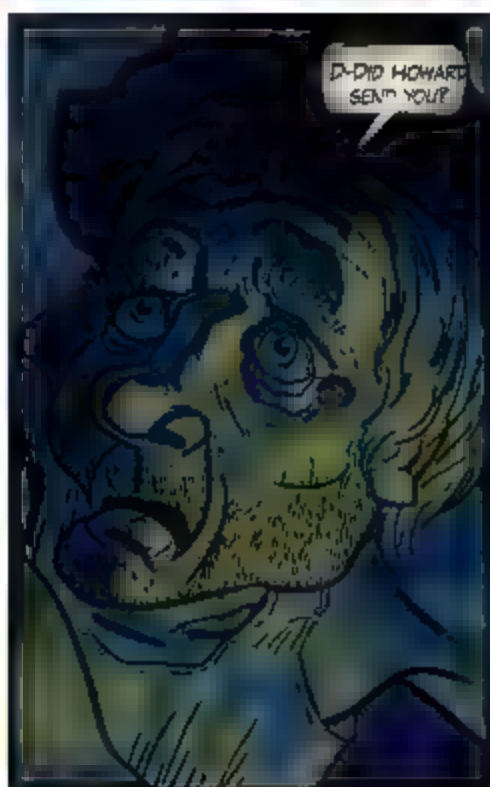
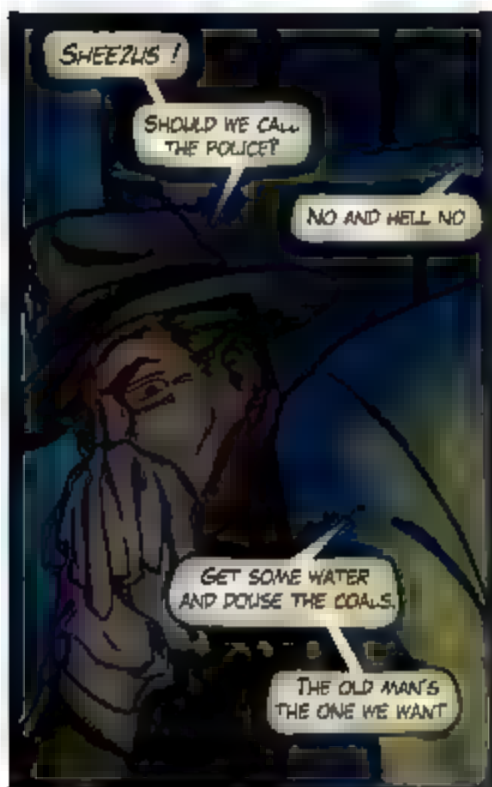
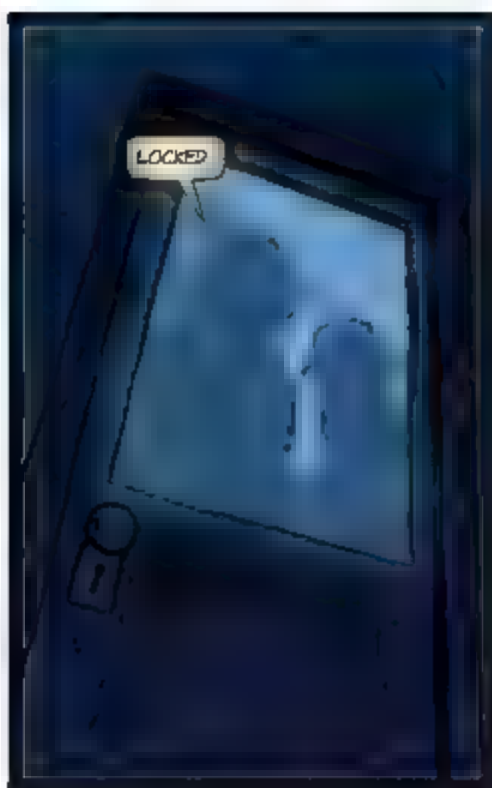
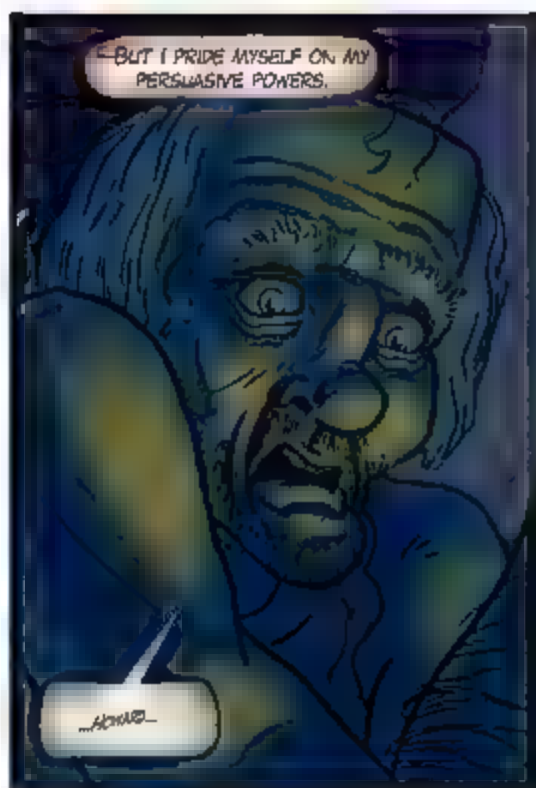
I WILL NOT FAIL
YOUR EXPECTATIONS.

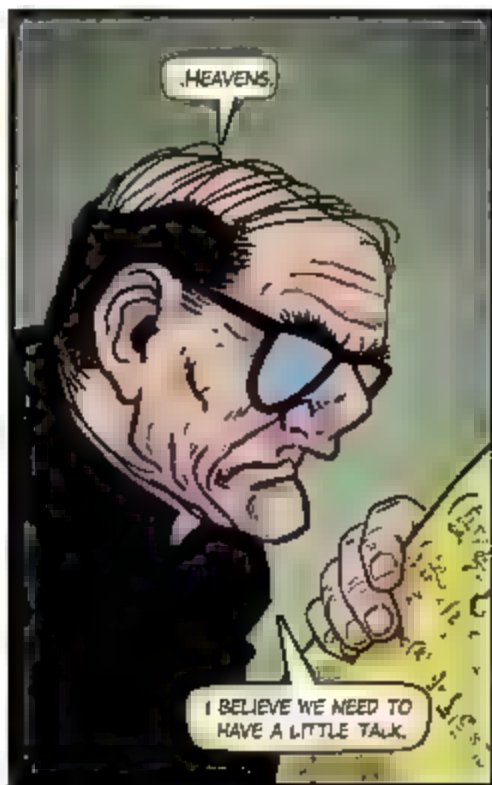
YOU KEEP YOUR
WORD, I'LL KEEP
MINE.

THOUGH YOU MAY
WELL CURSE ME FOR
IT IMMORTALITY IS
NOT FOR THE FAINT
OF HEART











ST LOUIS - 1908
ANNUAL CONFERENCE
OF THE AMERICAN
ANTHROPOLOGY
ASSOCIATION.

LEADS ME TO CONCLUDE THAT THE MUSH-NIGRO HAD DEVELOPED
A LOGOGRAPHIC WRITING SYSTEM SOME TWO THOUSAND YEARS
BEFORE THE ADVENT OF ALPHABETIC.

BUT ITS VERY COINCIDENTAL ISSUES AGAINST SUCH AN
OTHERWISE PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATION ATTAINING SUCH A
SO PHISTICATED LEVEL AT THIS EARLY DATE. FURTHERMORE,
MY EXCAVATIONS THIS LAST SEASON POINT TO POSSIBLE
OUTSIDE INFLUENCES WHICH ONLY COMPOUND THE MYSTERY.



LEADS ME TO CONCLUDE THAT THE MUSH-NIGRO HAD DEVELOPED
A LOGOGRAPHIC WRITING SYSTEM SOME TWO THOUSAND YEARS
BEFORE THE ADVENT OF ALPHABETIC.

MUNSFORD! YOU OLD
DEVIL! YOU MADE IT!



I DON'T HAVE TO CALL
YOU 'FATHER' NOW DO I?

NOT UNLESS I HAVE TO CALL
YOU 'PROFESSOR JERMYN.'

GOOD TO SEE
YOU, ARTHUR.



COME ON, YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME.

BUT I'M LATE AND I WANT
TO HEAR WARREN..

HARLEY WILL STILL BE GOING
THIS TIME TOMORROW.

SOMETHING HAS COME UP SOUNDS
RIGHT UP YOUR STREET AND
INVITATION ONLY!



POLICE INSPECTOR
DABBLING IN THE SCIENCES
THEY ARE NOT

NO RECORDED SCHOOL
OF SCIENCE.

NO SIR PURELY
PROFESSIONAL
CONSIDERATIONS.

LIKE BLACK JADE
ONLY—WELL—

WELL THESE ARE
THE BEST MEN
IN THE FIELD.

WE'LL SORT THINGS
OUT FOR YOU.



GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE ALL NO
DOUBT CURIOUS ABOUT THE
OBJECT PLACED BEFORE US.

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE
POLICE INSPECTOR LEGRASSE,
FROM NEW ORLEANS, WHO
WILL ENDEAVOR TO
ENLIGHTEN US.



ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER LAST WE
RECEIVED AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM
THE SHAMP AND LAGOON COUNTRY
SOUTH OF THE CITY.

THERE'S A SHANTY TOWN THERE, WELL
OFF THE BEATEN TRACK SQUATTERS,
VAGRANTS AND THE LIKE.



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT WAS THAT
SOME OF THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN
HAD BEEN ABDUCTED.

..BUT BY WHOM OR WHAT
WAS BY NO MEANS CLEAR.

TWENTY MEN, GOOD AND TRUE, AND I'D WAGER NOT A COWARDLY BONE AMONGST US. BUT GENTLEMEN, THE SWAMP AT NIGHT...

...IT'S AN EXPERIENCE ANY SANE MAN DOES HIS BEST TO AVOID.

THE ONLY WAY IN WAS SHANK'S PONY. ONLY OUR FOOTSTEPS BROKE THE SILENCE.

WE'D ALL GROWN UP WITH STORIES OF LOST LAKES AND UNKNOWN CREATURES DEEP IN THE SWAMP COUNTRY.

THEY DIDN'T MAKE FOR GOOD CONVERSATION.

IT TOOK AN HOUR TO REACH THE SQUATTER'S SETTLEMENT, THE MEN NEAR AS HYSTERICAL AS THE WOMEN. AND IT WEREN'T UNTIL WE QUIETED 'EM DOWN--

--THAT WE HEARD THE DRUMS, TOM-TOMS, RISING STEADY ABOVE THE TREES.

AND A SCREAM, INHUMAN, LIKE A PIG BEING SLAUGHTERED, YET ALL THE SAME--

--I'D SWEAR IT WAS SPEAKING.

THE SQUATTERS REFUSED POINT-BLANK TO ADVANCE ANOTHER INCH. BUT MY MEN AND I HAD COME TO DO A JOB, AND DO IT WE WOULD.

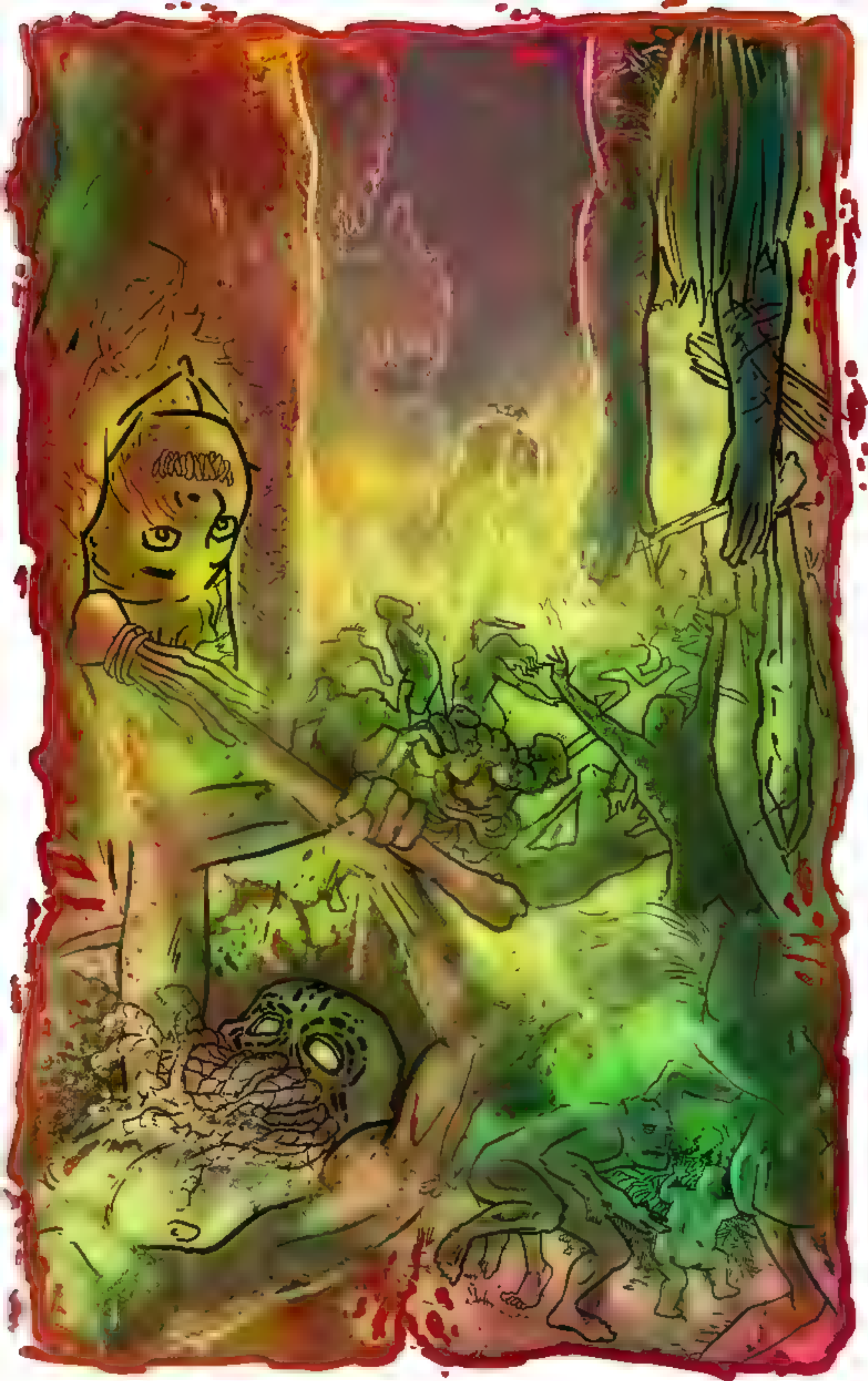
WE WERE TRAVELING WATERS THAT HAD NEVER BEFORE
BEEN DISTURBED BY A PROPER WHITE MAN.

STORIES FROM CHILDHOOD ROSE UP: A GREAT WHITE
LUMP OF A THING FESTERING IN A HIDDEN, DARK LAKE.

BAT-WINGED BOGEYMEN,
NIGHT GAUNTS AND THE LIKE

THOSE WOULD HAVE BEEN
PREFERABLE TO THE TRUTH.

I GAVE THE ORDER TO SPREAD OUT
AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WAS
ANYONE TO FIRE UNLESS I GAVE THE WORD.





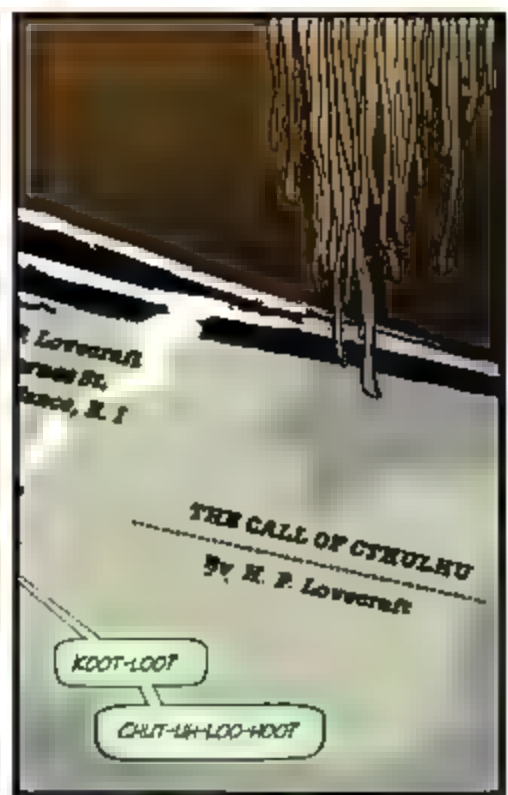
ONLY A FOOL WOULD HAVE TRIED
TO HOLD MY MEN BACK.

ONLY A DEVIL
WOULD HAVE WANTED TO.

LESS THAN TWENTY PARTICIPANTS SURVIVED.

WE WERE UNABLE TO PRY ANY FURTHER INFORMATION
ABOUT THIS CULT FROM THEM. TEN HAVE SINCE BEEN
HANGED; THE OTHERS ARE IN VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

FEARING THAT THIS OBSCURE PRACTICE MAY
BE WIDESPREAD AMONG THE MORE REMOTE
PARTS OF MY STATE.





--KUTH-OOLA-TOOP?

BEATS ME.

THE PRONUNCIATION IS OF
SECONDARY IMPORTANCE TO
THE DIFFERENCES IN THE STORY



OUR MR. LOVECRAFT HAS
TOO MANY DETAILS RIGHT
TO BE IGNORANT OF
THE REST

BUT HOW? YOU SAID IT
WASN'T IN THE PAPER.



NOR IN THE
CONFERENCE NOTES.
IT WAS OFF
THE RECORD.

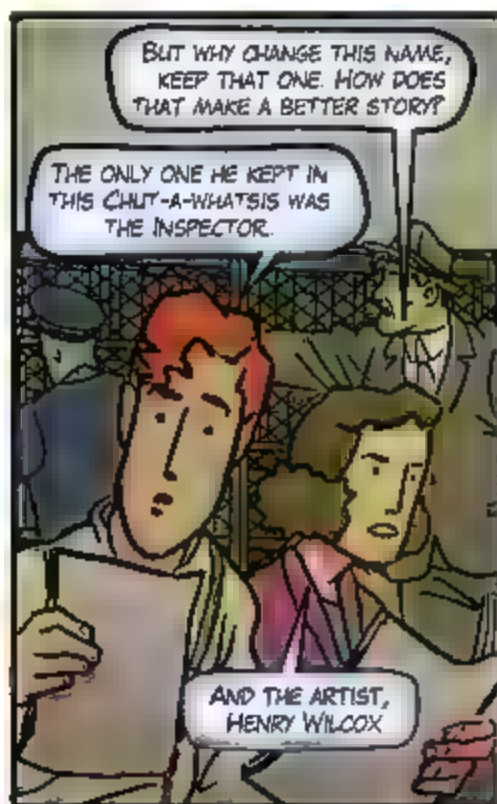
MY BEST GUESS
WOULD BE ARTHUR
OR, LESS LIKELY,
HARLEY WARREN.



LOVECRAFT WROTE SIMILAR MIXES
OF FACT AND FANCY ABOUT BOTH OF
THEM, AS WELL AS YOUR FRIEND,
MR. MALONE.

I NEVER HEARD OF
THESE STORIES...

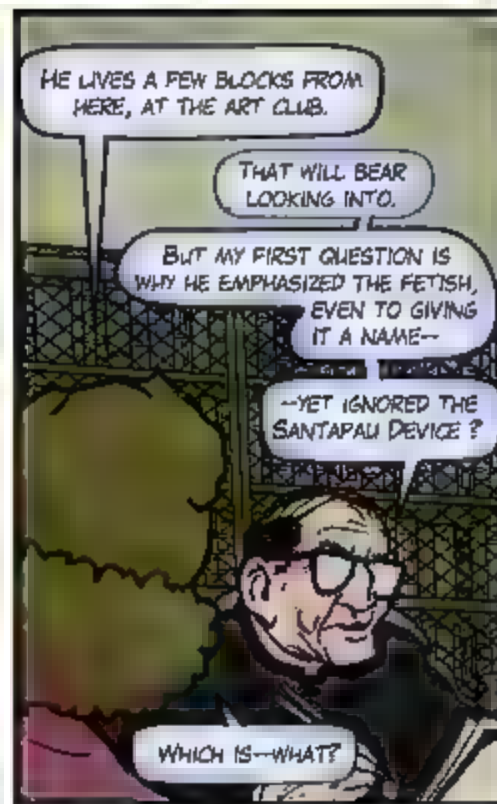
TWO APPEARED IN AMATEUR MAGAZINES
SOME YEARS AGO; MALONE'S STORY,
SUITABLY ALTERED, HAS NOT YET
BEEN PUBLISHED.



BUT WHY CHANGE THIS NAME,
KEEP THAT ONE. HOW DOES
THAT MAKE A BETTER STORY?

THE ONLY ONE HE KEPT IN
THIS CHUT-A-WHATSI WAS
THE INSPECTOR.

AND THE ARTIST,
HENRY WILCOX



HE LIVES A FEW BLOCKS FROM
HERE, AT THE ART CLUB.

THAT WILL BEAR
LOOKING INTO.

BUT MY FIRST QUESTION IS
WHY HE EMPHASIZED THE FETISH,
EVEN TO GIVING
IT A NAME--

--YET IGNORED THE
SANTAPAU DEVICE?

WHICH IS--WHAT?



- THE DOO-HICKEY KARTOPHILUS
WAS INTERESTED IN?

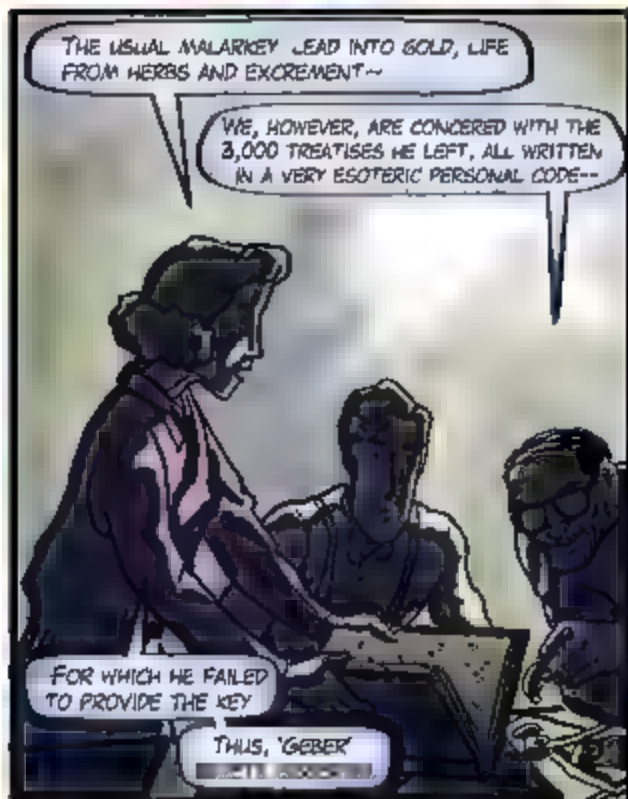
AH! A CHANCE TO FURTHER
YOUR EDUCATION. GEBER,
TREATISES, LAUNET EDITION,
VOLUME THREE, PAGE 820.



NOT MUCH EDUCATION IN AN
UNTRANSLATABLE BOOK.

WHAT'S A
JEEBER?

JABIR IBN HAYYAN --GEBER
IN LATIN--AN 8TH CENTURY
MOHAMMEDAN ALCHEMIST



THE USUAL MALARKEY LEAD INTO GOLD, LIFE
FROM HERBS AND EXCREMENT--

WE, HOWEVER, ARE CONCERNED WITH THE
3,000 TREATISES HE LEFT, ALL WRITTEN
IN A VERY ESOTERIC PERSONAL CODE--

FOR WHICH HE FAILED
TO PROVIDE THE KEY

THUS, 'GEBER'
IS THE ANSWER

